TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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JAPANESE-U. S. CLASH AHEAD, FRANCE HEARS

Life of Arbitration Court and of League of Nations Itself Threatened by Situation.

The deadlock over the arbitration protocol by the League of Nations, brought about by Japan on the question of exclusion of her nationals from America, prompted an open discussion Monday in the press on the danger of trouble between the United States and Japan.

The situation, which threatens the life of the arbitration court, if not of the league itself, resulted from Japan's declaration that Article Six of the protocol must be stricken out. The article designates as aggressor in war any state refusing to abide by a decision of the league council.

War Spectre Seen.

"It seemed at the meeting as if the hideous god of war had suddenly loomed up in the council room," Le Matin commented.

"The fatal causes, which apparently are making war inevitable, are the necessity of a prolific race to find work and a place to live, coupled with a sentiment of honor in refusing to accept terms considered humiliating—these conditions on one hand, clashing with the other country's right to be master of its own soil.

"One side is crying, 'I'm hungry.' The other quotes the eternal commandment: 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Echo de Paris spoke in similar fashion saying that any solution of the counsel at Geneva wouldn't suppress the danger of an American-Japanese war. "As a matter of fact, that danger isn't even hidden any more. In wishing to dress a sore which can't heal, the Geneva peace doctors have only succeeded in irritating the wounds."

Despite the hostility of Japan, the French cabinet has unanimously approved the protocol, and has authorized the French delegation at Geneva to sign it.

Grave Problems Raised.

Grave international problems are believed to have been raised through the Japanese demand at the League of Nations discussions for an amendment to the proposed protocol of arbitration and security.

Many of the delegates are of the opinion that the whole question of racial equality has been thrown definitely before the world by the Japanese amendment which touches on a state's sovereign rights, and that Japan will continue to insist through the League of Nations for revision of international law so that matters now deemed to belong exclusively to the internal jurisdiction of a state may be the subject of world-wide concern, demanding treatment on the broad basis of equity.

British Anxious.

The delegates from the British dominions, especially Australia and New Zealand, are showing anxiety over the outcome of the Japanese amendment, because they fear that the immigration problem may be forced before the council of the league.

The Japanese amendment is to strike from the protocol the declaration that a country refusing an arbitral award of the world court shall be proclaimed an aggressor. Japan objects to the prohibition against fighting out a case before the League of Nations when the world court has ruled that the issue involved is purely a subject within the domestic jurisdiction of the other party to the dispute and that by inference there is neither cause for conflict nor for arbitration proceedings.

Would Stave Off Attack.

The Japanese proposal has excited the apprehension of many delegates who fear that Japan wants to maintain the right to go to war over matters touching on the sovereignty of a state, without its being attacked by other members of the league.

The Japanese object to this insinuation. They contend that a great injustice could be done to Japan by setting up a state's rights doctrine and by having this doctrine upheld by the world court. They insist they merely want the privilege of further hearings before the organisms of the league in order to obtain justice.

Airplane Will Save Mine Manager's Time

Regular operation of an airplane in connection with the business of mining, believed to be the first attempt of this sort, is the plan of C. I. Eastman, general manager of a gold property near Minden. Eastman, an ace of the British Flying corps during the World war, said he hoped to use the plane not only to travel 60 miles to the mine electric plant, but also for other "errands."

It is Eastman's claim that he will be able to accomplish in a day what with regular methods of travel would take nearly a week.

Cow's Leg and Horn Wired for Penalty

Because he was found guilty of tying the hind leg of a cow over its horns with barbed wire and letting the animal starve to death, Carey Harvard was fined $100 in court in Houston, Tex. The charge was brought by a humane society. Harvard admitted the offense, but declared the cow, belonging to a neighbor, was ruining his property.

17th Century Cannon Is Stolen in Paris

A 17th century culverin (small cannon), bearing the coat-of-arms of Cardinal de Richelieu, is missing from the front entrance of the celebrated Chateau de Chinon, and the police are trying to decide whether to look for a professional crook or one of that common genius known as "souvenir hunter."

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Heirs Draw Lots for $400,000 Property

Tossing eight slips of paper which called for "chances" in property worth more than $400,000 into a box, George W. Fisher, wealthy Nebraska farmer, apportioned to his six children and two heirs of two deceased daughters a majority of his land, 1,700 acres in Nebraska, and 500 in Illinois.

It took less than 10 minutes to dispose of the property, which Fisher said had become burdensome in his advanced age. He retained $100,000 and some farm and city property.

Mrs. Ethel Hahn, mother of Lloyd Hahn, Olympic athlete, was among the heirs who received land under the lottery system, which Fisher said was the fairest means of making the division.

GENERAL SAWYER DIES SUDDENLY

Heart Disease Is Fatal to President Harding's Physician.

Dr. Charles Elmer Sawyer, 64, former personal physician to the late President Harding, died suddenly of heart disease Sept. 23.

Dr. Sawyer died peacefully, while sleeping. Returning to his home at White Oak farm here Tuesday afternoon he complained of illness and his son, Dr. Carl W. Sawyer, took him into his office while he went for medicine. Dr. Sawyer was dead when his son returned.

Mrs. Harding Present.

Mrs. Florence Kling Harding, widow of the late president, has been making her home with the Sawyers. She was present when death came. Under circumstances similar to the death of Mr. Harding, Mrs. Harding watched by the bedside of her friend and physician.

Slightly more than a year had elapsed since Dr. Sawyer stood beside the late president's bedside in a San Francisco hotel and watched while he passed on. He had been with Mr. Harding since shortly after his nomination for the presidency, and was one of his closest friends.

Born near Wyandot, Dr. Sawyer obtained a practical education in the village school at Nevada. He began the study of medicine at the age of 17 and was graduated from the Cleveland Homeopathic Hospital college in 1881. He began his practice at Larue in April of the same year.

Given Army Commission.

Coming to Washington with President Harding at the beginning of his administration, Dr. Sawyer was commissioned a brigadier general in the medical reserve corps of the army and was given a succession of assignments, serving both as the president's physician and with the war department and Veterans' bureau. He was in charge of the general board for the hospitalization of World war veterans, and he continued his labors after President Harding died through the first part of the Coolidge administration.

Later Dr. Sawyer extended his work under the Veterans' bureau and was given charge of station at Perryville, Md., but more recently was placed on the inactive list of the army at his own request in order that he might give undivided attention to the affairs of veteran treatment for the government and the Harding memorial.

Member of State Board.

Dr. Sawyer was a member of the Ohio State Medical board, a trustee of the American Institute of Homeopathy, former president of the Ohio Homeopathic Medical society, Northwestern Ohio Medical society, Marion county medical society; governor of the Fellows, American College of Surgeons, and a trustee of the Southern Homeopathic Medical society.

August 11, 1879, he was married to May E. Barron, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. James H. Barron, at Nevada. The widow survives, with one son, Dr. Carl W. Sawyer.

Mother of '61 Veteran, 100, Dies in Indiana

Mrs. Ellen Buskirk, who celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary Jan. 22 with "open house," died in Bloomington, Ind., recently after a week's illness.

She was the oldest woman in this county and so far as known the last remaining mother of a Civil war veteran. Both her husband, W. P. Buskirk, who died several years ago, and her son, David, served with distinction in the Civil war.

Partners in Law Firm Also Partners in Home

The hamlet of Keyser, W. Va., boasts the distinction of having West Virginia's first married law firm.

Vernon Rankin, young lawyer, recently married a young woman newly admitted to the bar.

A shingle dangling from a window in their office-home sports the married couple of lawyer's firm name as Rankin & Rankin.

Tom Marshall Waits for First Client

Thomas R. Marshall, wartime vice president of the United States, moved into a downtown law office in Indianapolis recently.

"I'm not going to resume the practice of law until I get a client," said the former vice president.

As a further comment on his move, Mr. Marshall quoted Mark Twain, that "after a man reaches the age of 70, he owes neither apology nor explanation for anything he does."

"That's the way I feel," he added.

1928 CAMPAIGN VIA DIRIGIBLES, IS PILOT'S VIEW

ZR-3 Expert Predicts That Candidates Will Fly and Speak From Gondolas of Airships.

A presidential campaign via dirigible in 1928, forest fires smothered by carbonic acid gas bomb hurled from the air, and defense of America's coast line against the rum runner by air cruisers, were forecast in a look into the future of aviation last week by Earnest A. Lehmann, vice president of the Goodyear Zeppelin corporation of Akron.

The veteran dirigible pilot, hero of some of the most daring escapades of war-time flying, made these predictions in an interview in the huge hangar of the ZR-3 as he supervised the finishing touches for the farewell trial trip of the huge cloud cruiser before she casts off for America.

Idea of 1928 Campaign.

Swings around the circle will be made in the next presidential campaign aboard airships of the ZR-3 type, Mr. Lehmann predicted. All imaginable conveniences would be provided the candidates as they rested, free from the cinders and jolts of train travel, while their air cruisers journeyed to cities where speeches would be made from the gondolas of the airships.

"I also foresee the time when airships even larger than the ZR-3 will be used by the United States government for the protection of its coasts against rum runners," he continued. "Their giant searchlights would make landing of contraband practically impossible.

"Dirigibles will be used in forest patrol, preventing and extinguishing fires which have been costing your Northwest millions of dollars every year. They will drop bombs containing carbonic acid gas, quickly smothering the flames."

Mr. Lehmann, who has never lost a ship, although he undertook some of the longest and most perilous of the war flights, will be one of the two pilots of the ZR-3 in its tranatlantic trip to America under the command of Dr. Eckener.

Father of Long Cruises.

He is "the real father of long distance lighter-than-air flights," having made the first cruise of more than four days in a fighting Zeppelin. Up to that time aeronautical authorities had contended that neither crew nor motors could stand a trip of more than two days. On this trip, Mr. Lehmann piloted a dirigible over the Baltic sea, remaining in the air 101 hours, or 30 hours longer than the ZR-3 is expected to need for its journey to America.

His most famous exploit was the shelling of Calais from an airship 5,000 feet above the city. A basket was suspended 2,000 feet beneath the ship, from which an observer telephoned his commander the results of the bombardment.

The new dirigible industry in Akron will be under the direction of Mr. Lehmann, who has spent six months in the Ohio city and there acquiring a fluent knowledge of English. He will take with him a dozen of the best German experts on airship construction, including Dr. Arnstein, known as "the scientific brains of modern airship design."

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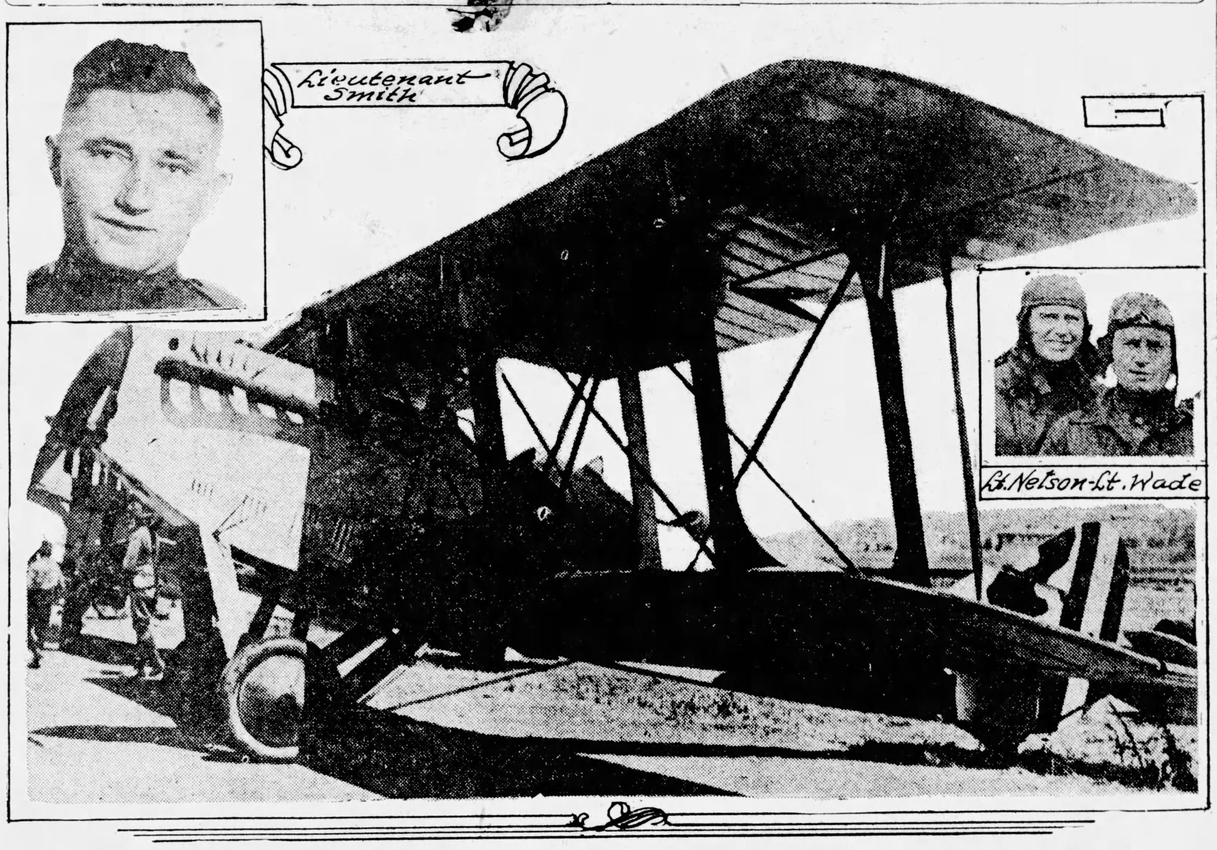
Churches Back Plan to Evangelize N. Y.

The general council of the Presbyterian church of America, in convention last week authorized the New York Presbytery to unite with the Baptists and Methodists of New York City in a special campaign calling for the expenditure of from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 for the building of new churches in Manhattan and Brooklyn and for the carrying out of a drive to evangelize the metropolis.

Dr. Theodore F. Savage appearing for the New York Presbyterians reported that the Methodists of New York had already voted to go into the campaign and that the Baptist leaders were agreeable to the plan.

In connection with this move, the Presbyterian general council unanimously elected Dr. Henry Chapman Swearingen, of St. Paul, Minn., secretary.

Air Heroes Complete Circumnavigation of the World



The accompanying layout shows Flight Commander Lowell Smith with Lieutenants Nelson and Wade who piloted the American army planes on their epochal journey when a ribbon of red, white and blue was spun 'round the world. The plane pictured here is one in which Lieutenant Smith won fame. The globe-circling trip lasted a few hours more than two weeks, figured in flying time.

COOLIDGE FIRM ON ECONOMIES

President Tells Drug Men That Taxes Must Be Reduced.

President Coolidge last week renewed his pledge for an administration of economy at home and harmony in foreign relations so that taxes might be reduced and peace and prosperity be established. Speaking before delegates in Washington attending the convention of the National Association of Retail Druggists, the President also declared for the policy of "less interference by the government" in business and urged as a guide in such relations the principle of "service and mutual consideration."

The brief speech was delivered from the south portico of the White House, after Mr. Coolidge had spent a busy morning receiving callers on various missions and attending to other business.

In connection with his study of the tariff commission report on the sugar duty, the President received an appeal from A. N. Mathers, representing the Farmers Co-operative Beet Growers' association of Nebraska, to retain the present tariff. Mr. Mathers said he represented, in addition to the beet growers, other industries in the states west of the Mississippi. Mr. Coolidge is expected to announce a decision soon on this report in which it is understood a majority of the commission has recommended a reduction in the present rates.

The President designated Brigadier General William Mitchell, assistant chief of the army service, to represent him at the Pulitzer prize races in Dayton Oct. 3.

Typhoid Fever Bill Runs Over Million

Typhoid fever cost West Virginia more than a million dollars in cold, hard cash, last year, according to state health authorities, who insist the figures are conservative.

Incomplete state death records show 251 deaths from the typhoid malady in the last year. The department estimates 10 cases of the disease to each death therefrom, bringing West Virginia's typhoid record in 1923 up to 2,510 cases.

GERMAN VOTE SWINGS TOWARD LAFOLLETTE, POLITICIANS CONCEDE

BY MARK SULLIVAN

As a first step in trying to disentangle a confused political situation, put it down that the German vote is for LaFollette. Individual Germans may resent and repudiate the action of the Steuben society in promising to deliver the Germans to LaFollette; politicians and editors in the East may question it. All sorts of people may deplore this and every other kind of racial voting. But the local Republican and Democratic politicians in the communities affected know the facts, and know them to their sorrow.

The testimony of these is that the German vote is for LaFollette and that, as respects at least four western states, the German vote is the largest single group LaFollette has behind him.

Sways in Several States.

The German vote is almost large enough, alone, to give Wisconsin and Minnesota to LaFollette. It is so large in Missouri that by going solidly to LaFollette it will determine the balance of power as between the Republicans and Democrats, and in that state probably will determine it in favor of the Democrats.

In Chicago, and in the rest of Illinois, the German vote is formidable. In Nebraska, the German vote is almost large enough to be decisive. But in that state the German vote follows the Republican senator, George Norris, rather than LaFollette, and ultimately will go where Norris points, as between Coolidge and LaFollette.

You ask why the German vote should be for LaFollette, and you get a universal answer. Up to 10 years ago most of them in these states were Republicans. From that party they were torn loose in 1916.

Swing From G. O. P. in 1916.

They went to Wilson because Wilson was running on the solgan, "He kept us out of war," with the implication that if elected he would continue to keep us out of war. Then actually, Wilson led us into war.

Add to this the fact that some of the Germans were treated unwisely during the war. Over-energetic salesmen for Liberty bonds and the like, instead of treating the Germans sympathetically, instead of taking their loyalty for granted, they took their disloyalty for granted. The Germans were harried rather ruthlessly. A good many people deplore this now. In any event, when Wilson participated in making a peace that the Germans hated, they were through with him and with the Democrats.

Go to Republicans in 1920.

The Republicans got practically all of them in 1920, because of Republican denunciation of the Versailles treaty. This year the Germans are going back on the Republicans and are for LaFollette, because his course during the war was not objectionable to them, and because he denounces the Versailles treaty.

I have said that the German vote being for LaFollette is one sure stone in a most unstable political situation. If we could depend on the German vote staying where it now is until election day, we could make at least a start toward predicting the outcome in several states. But I am not sure. The Republicans are making two appeals to them, and there are signs of effectiveness. The Republicans are saying first that a vote for LaFollette is a vote to throw the election into congress and that might mean a Democratic president.

Appeal Has Weight.

The second appeal is that LaFollette's proposal to change the constitution might result in taking from the Germans their present Lutheran and Catholic parochial schools. This latter has much weight and is widely discussed in the West.

If McAdoo throws his heart into campaigning for Davis it will help the Democrats some in the West. Most of the western Democrats are McAdoo people. They were disappointed in McAdoo's defeat, and one finds out here that some of them never have recovered their enthusiasm.

The naming of Bryan for vice president did not satisfy them for the loss of McAdoo. Most of the western Democrats are progressive. If McAdoo had been nominated it is doubtful if LaFollette would have run. If McAdoo can persuade himself that Davis is progressive and is satisfactory to him, and if McAdoo then can make enough speeches out to persuade the western Democrats that Davis is all right from their point of view, a good deal of latent discontent will be assuaged, and the Democrats will be helped in the West.

(The New York Herald-Tribune News Service)

G. O. P. GUARDS FARM WELFARE

Lowden Says Republicans Can Help American Agriculture Most.

The most important question pressing upon the American people for solution is the farm problem and the policies of a Republican administration can solve it, former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois declared last week in an address before the Michigan Republican state convention in Detroit.

The primary cause of the great distress among the rural population, he said, is the overproduction which was started in war times and has been continued, and the next cause, he said, is the deflation policy adopted by the federal reserve board in 1920. Both took place, he said, under a Democratic administration. Remedies proposed by the Democrats, Mr. Lowden said, include stabilization of European markets, and he added that the Dawes commission has done more to attain this end than has been accomplished by any other factor.

Dawes Board Praised.

"If Europe shall enter upon a period of prosperity and if she shall furnish better markets for our farm products, it is due entirely to the success of the Dawes commission, initiated by a Republican administration."

The Democratic argument for tariff revision to aid agriculture are the same as employed in 1892, Mr. Lowden declared, adding:

"In that year they were successful and the farmers of America learned, as I believe, for all time that the domestic market for their products was after all the best market and that they could not prosper with other industries bankrupt. The years which followed the Democratic tariff were the hardest the farmer had endured for a generation."

Home Marts Most Important.

The farmer, Mr. Lowden said, must depend primarily upon a home market for his products for only the surplus is taken by the foreign markets. The home markets, he added, can only take the farmers' products at remunerative prices if there is general prosperity throughout the land. This, he maintained, is impossible under the Democratic tariff plans.

"If we are to prevent the further decline in land values in America," he said, "we have got to depend upon the American markets for the sale of our products. If we are to maintain and raise as we ought the standard of living upon the American farm, we have got to protect the American farmer from now on against competition with the cheap virgin lands that are being opened up all around the world."

Washington's English Manor Is Endowed

The Sulgrave institution, which administers Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of George Washington, has been informed of the successful outcome of a campaign undertaken in the United States by the Society of Colonial Dames to raise an endowment fund of $100,000, the income from which will be expended toward the maintenance of the ancient manor as a shrine of American patriotism.

It also was announced that Francis H. King, New York, who visited Sulgrave this summer, has given an endowment of $1,500, income from which will be used in providing for an American flag to be flown daily from the masthead of Sulgrave.

Palestine Has No-Pay Days

Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, the Sabbaths of the three faiths in Palestine, are recognized as official holidays for purposes of presentation of negotiable paper, and no promissory notes or bills may be protested on those days, according to a decision of a conference of merchants with the chief justice.

WORLD FLIERS END LONG HOP AROUND GLOBE

Yank Aviators Span 27,000 Miles in 14 Days and 15 Hours, Flying Time; Average 76 Miles an Hour.

Here's Summary of World Flight

History of the world flight, told in a few words, follows:

Distance: 27,534 miles.

Flying time: 14 days, 15 hours, 11 minutes.

Speed: 76.36 miles an hour.

Start: Seattle, Washn., April 6, Sunday.

End: Seattle, Washn., Sept. 28, Sunday.

Average distance of hop: 483 miles.

Gasoline used: 21,060 gallons.

Spanned 21 countries, 21 states and one territory.

Four world records established.

The American navy around-the-world fliers completed the circuit of the globe Sept. 28, landing at Sand Point field, in Seattle, Wash.

Lieutenant Smith was the first to land. He was followed by Lieutenant Wade and Lieutenant Nelson.

The elapsed time of the flight was 175 days; total mileage, start to finish, 27,534; days actually in air, 66; actual flying time, 351 hours, 11 minutes (14 days, 15 hours); average speed, 76.36 miles an hour.

The weather here was warm, approaching sultriness. Sirens shrieked as the planes flew over the city. Thousands of voices roared a welcome at the field. Among the first to greet the fliers was Major Martin.

Lieutenant Leslie Arnold was hugged and kissed by his mother, Mrs. Cora Arnold, and his sister, Mrs. Frances Cole of Spokane, Wash., who had not seen him since he started on his flight that made history in aviation circles, when he alighted.

Four Records Established.

Four world's records were shattered when the two United States army planes completed a 27,000-mile globe-encircling flight after fighting their way through Canadian blizzards, treacherous Alaskan gales, the torrid heat of India, heavy English fogs and the iceberg-chilled climate of Iceland and Greenland.

The first world's record was shattered when the Americans crossed the Pacific ocean from Attu Island, the most westerly island of the Aleutian group, to Paramashiru Island in the Kuriles, Japan. This 900-mile stretch was the longest jump of the entire trip. It was made in 12 hours and five minutes of flying time, the aviators resting a night in the lee of the Komandorski islands during a blizzard en route.

America's second title came when the fliers crossed a 500-mile stretch over the China sea from Kagoshima, Japan, to Shanghai, China. This was the first time the China sea had been crossed by air.

The third honor was the completion of the around-the-world flight, a feat never before achieved by man in heavier-than-air machines.

15 Days to Circle Globe.

Lastly, the intrepid Magellans of the air theoretically set a speed mark for traveling around the globe. The entire 27,000-mile trip was made in approximately 351 hours of actual flying, although the expedition was on the trip nearly 160 days after leaving Seattle. When the birdmen reached Constantinople, Turkey, they had covered 16,180 miles in 225 hours of flying, or an average of 76.36 miles an hour.

By encircling the globe in the flying time of a little less than 15 days, the United States army fliers shattered the notable feat of John H. Mears, who, in 1913, went around the world by ship, train and other modes of travel in 35 days, 21 hours, 36 minutes.

Nellie Bly, 72 Days.

Fast trips around the globe include one made by Nellie Bly, a reporter, in 1889, shortly after Jules Verne published his famous book, "Around the World in Eighty Days." She did it in 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes. In 1903, Henry Frederick cut this time to 54 days, 7 hours, 2 minutes. Frederick's record was broken in 1911 by Andre Jaeger-Schmidt who encircled the earth in 39 days, 19 hours, 42 minutes, 38 seconds.

The making of the plans for the air trail-blazers occupied more time on the part of army authorities than the men spent on the journey. Everything was arranged to minimize the chance of failure. The 27,000-mile trail was divided into seven divisions. An advance officer was sent out over each division months in advance of the scheduled starting date to prepare maps, obtain weather data, and to lay supply depots and stations at important points en route. Supplies were then sent to places chosen by the advance officers.

Only Planes of Kind.

Special Douglas air cruisers were built in a California factory, each driven by a 400-horsepower Liberty motor and having a cruising radius, with auxiliary gasoline tanks, of 1,500 to 2,000 miles. They were the only planes of their type in the world. Spare engines and parts were scattered along the route and everything was in readiness when the aviators left Santa Monica, Calif., March 17, for Seattle, where the planes were outfitted with pontoons and the start of the flight made April 6.

During the flight the Americans either skirted or flew over 21 countries and provinces. Every contingency had to be expected. Of necessity the aviators had to be almost super-men, being possessed of nerves of steel, dauntless courage and exceptional physique. The climate ranged from the frigid Arctic weather along the Aleutian Islands of the North Pacific late in March, to the near tropical conditions in June while transversing India. Every

Continued on Page Two

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

THE TIME has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things."

First of all, what is a demagogue?

Here is a paragraph from a Louisville paper: "An evening paper declares that it is difficult to determine whether Wheeler or LaFollette is the greater demagogue. What is a demagogue, neighbor? The dictionary says it is an orator or leader popular with or identified with the people."

The above definition is unfair. It is not honest, is misleading, and far from the accepted meaning of the word. To make its point the paper has used an obsolete definition, and must have known it.

The Webster dictionary says a demagogue is: "One who plays an insincere role in public life for the purpose of gaining political influence or office; a poser in politics; especially one who panders to popular prejudice or seeks to inflame reasonless passions in the advancement of his personal interests."

That is plain enough. Does it fit LaFollette, or Wheeler, or both?

AGAIN the dictionary. This time the Standard. It says a demagogue is: "An orator or leader who seeks to influence the people by pandering to their prejudices and passions; unprincipled politician; leader of the mob." And: "Anciently, any popular leader or orator. In this sense Demosthenes and Cicero were demagogues."

There is no chance for a quarrel over the meaning of the word "demagogue." The dictionaries are in harmony on the subject. The remaining question is not so easily settled. Who can say which is the greater demagogue, Wheeler or LaFollette?

NEW YORK Republicans have nominated Theodore Roosevelt for governor. The Democrats have renominated Governor Al Smith, who for a long time held out against running for a third term. They put it up to him as a matter of party good and he consented. It is assumed that his candidacy will help out Davis.

To Republicans generally the nomination of "Young Teddy" is a pleasing event. He has been following in his father's steps. This is another stride.

The young man is on his way. It is possible that they may defeat him, but they won't stop him. His daddy didn't hit every bobcat he shot at, but he didn't quit shooting when he missed. Young Colonel Roosevelt—he earned the title in the World war—will not quit politics if he loses his race for governor.

REPUBLICANS of the Empire state are not figuring their nominee to lose. They have given him a remarkably strong platform to run on. It is the kind of platform his father would approve. It has a plank on the klan that is of special interest at this time. It condemns "any organization, whether it be called Ku Klux Klan or by any other name, that seeks directly or indirectly to weaken the fundamental American doctrine either in letter or in spirit."

"Sound and sensible" is the outstanding comment that has been made on Theodore Roosevelt and his platform.

FOLLOWING the advice of the walrus, this is about something else.

Blacksmiths in Annual Convention Mourn the Passing of the Village Smithy.—Headline.

Well may they mourn. Others will share their grief. The village smithy is an institution of long standing. Longfellow immortalized it. "The smith a mighty man is he." Somehow the music of the blacksmith's anvil gets into the human soul. It must have been the anvil notes that inspired the poet to put into words what millions of others felt.

Unfortunate indeed is he who has never lived in a village long enough to get accustomed to the ringing of the hammer on the anvil. It is never so sweet in a city of many and varied noises.

Longfellow did not overdraw the smith of his poem. He wrote true to a type.

FAITHFUL men were the village blacksmiths. You were pretty certain to find them square. And they were industrious. Others might be overcome with the lethargy of their quiet surroundings; not so the smith. His was a life of energy.

Young men have gone out of the villages for broader fields of work, never to forget the lesson of the man with the brown arms who beat the red-hot steel into shapes fashioned in his mind. Seeing him at his work, one recognized him as a stout-hearted citizen who kept his feet on the ground and did his thinking with a healthy mind.

The village blacksmith had his philosophies, as did the village cobbler. Both are passing out of the industrial life of the nation.

HERE is a reminder of bygone days — a paragraph in a Twenty-Five Year Ago column:

"Wichita, Kansas.—Jerry Simpson, former congressman, was shooed off the platform when he said in a speech that he would rather be with Aguinaldo than with Otis."

Jerry Simpson was the sockless statesman of Kansas, a product of Populism. It got noised about that Jerry didn't wear socks, so the people sent him to congress. A man who didn't wear socks was just the man for the people. There was unrest in those days, too. Sockless salvation was in demand.

So Jerry Simpson was sent to congress where, instead of no socks, he wore silk ones. Were he alive now he would know that Aguinaldo became a leading Filipino citizen under "benevolent assimilation," as President McKinley called it.

NEW YORK G. O. P. NOMINATES T. R.

Roosevelt Resigns Office in Cabinet to Run for Governor.

Theodore Roosevelt, Republican nominee for governor of New York, called on President Coolidge last week and formally presented his resignation as assistant secretary of the navy which was accepted by the President.

Theodore Roosevelt, son of the late president, was named by the New York state convention as the party's candidate for governor. His nomination came on the first ballot, where he polled 565 of the 999 votes, 69 in excess of the necessary majority.

The nomination was made unanimous and by acclamation on the motion of former Governor Benjamin B. Odell, manager of the pre-convention campaign.

When informed of his nomination, Colonel Roosevelt said:

"The Republican party has done me a very great honor and I am deeply gratified. Our platform is sound, constructive Republicanism. I stand on it four square.

Solidly Behind Coolidge.

"President Coolidge has given the country an unequaled administration. We, in this state, will bend every effort to back up Calvin Coolidge."

Later, Colonel Roosevelt was given a tremendous ovation when he appeared on the convention platform just before final adjournment.

Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, the nominee for secretary of state, head of the economics department, Syracuse university, is the first woman to be a candidate for state office in New York on the Republican ticket.

There was cheering when Chairman Ogden L. Mills of the resolutions committee read the plank in the platform, denouncing the Ku Klux Klan by name.

More cheering greeted the reading of the plank, declaring for strict law enforcement.

The anti-klan plank, in part, follows:

"The Republican party now, as from the beginning of its existence, recognizes neither color, creed, nor race as a test of good citizenship or as a disqualification for any form of national service or national honor. It could not do this and remain either Republican or American. We condemn and oppose any organization, whether it be called 'Ku Klux Klan' or by any other name that seeks directly or indirectly to weaken this fundamental American doctrine either in letter or in spirit. Moreover, we condemn any candidate or party that endeavors to make political capital out of such an issue, and while posing as its champion betrays the cause of liberty by a direct appeal to racial and religious groups."

Assails Democrats.

The platform indorsed the administration of President Coolidge and pledged the party in the state to the support of the Coolidge and Dawes ticket; assailed the Democratic administration of state affairs; declared for a 48-hour work week for women in industry; and advocated the ratification of the child labor amendment to the federal constitution.

PASSPORT RUSH AIDS TREASURY

Daily Applications for 3 Months Between 1,200 and 1,400.

The passport business has been a flourishing one for Uncle Sam this summer. It has strengthened the claim of attaches of the division of passport control of the state department that there is the one unit of the department that more than pays for itself. During the months of May, June and July passport applications averaged between 1,200 and 1,400 a day. Figures for August are not yet complete.

The great majority of the passports are written in Washington, only a few emergency ones being issued in the field. The abnormal rush this year was occasioned by certain conventions abroad, and the competition among steamship lines to secure the traffic by offering lower passage rates.

All the countries of Europe, save Belgium, Switzerland and Holland, require vises for which a charge of $10 is made, and must be obtained by the visitor before entering the country. The Irish Free State has been the latest country to fall in line and asks the customary "ten spot" from sojourners in the Emerald Isle. Uncle Sam started charging a $10 fee for issuing passports in July 1920.

HAVE DARK HAIR AND LOOK YOUNG

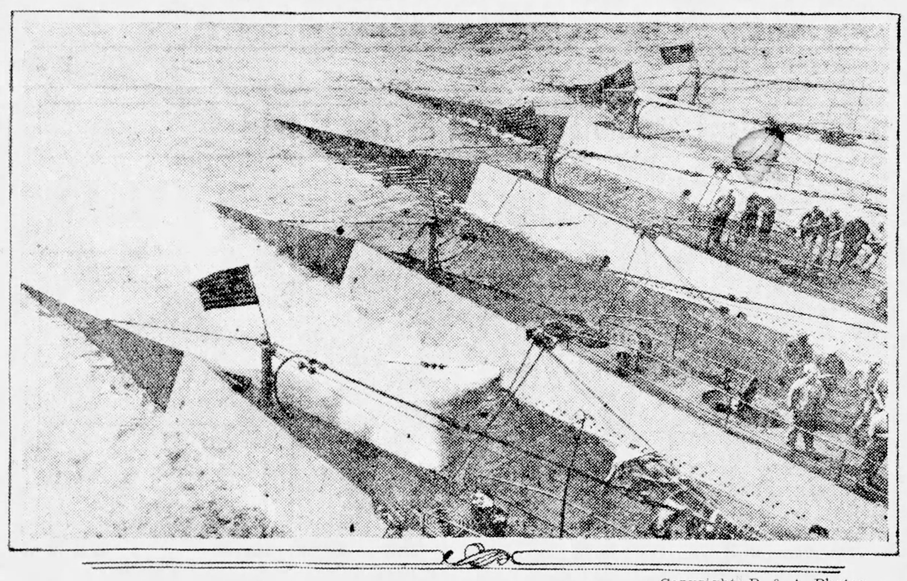
Nobody Can Tell When You Darken Gray, Faded Hair With Sage Tea.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, all ready to use, at very little cost. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful.

—Advertisement.

Ready for Service in Asia



—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

A FLEET of seven submarines with the mother ship Canopus recently left San Francisco bay for two years of duty in Asiatic waters. The photo shows a portion of the fleet shortly before departure.

COMPASS ACTION STUDIED IN NORTH

McMillan Party Submits Records That May Alter Charts.

Observations made in the vicinity of the magnetic north pole by Richard H. Goddard, Winthrop, Mass., who was a member of the McMillan Arctic expedition may reveal some of the underlying causes for the mysterious currents that keep the compass needle pointed north, it was announced last week. While there is still some doubt as to their exact value, pending a more thorough analysis, Dr. J. A. Fleming, assistant director of the department of terrestial magnetism, Carnegie Institute, predicted that eventually such investigations would contribute to the work of correcting the chart used by mariners.

During eight months of the period that the expedition was frozen in the ice at Refugee Harbor, north Greenland, Dr. Fleming explained, a continuous record of the movements of a compass needle was made on sheets of sensitive photographic paper.

The apparatus opened automatically, except for intervals of 10 minutes every 24 hours, when the recording paper was replenished.

In such close proximity to the source of the mysterious magnetic currents, the slightest disturbance, whether it is caused by the variation of the current itself or an electrical storm, has a pronounced effect upon the fluctuations of the needle, Dr. Fleming said.

The observatory at Winter Quarters was believed both by Dr. Fleming and Mr. Goddard to be the most northerly continuous recording magnetic observatory ever established. Magnetic disturbances are particularly present at irtervals of 11 years, Dr. Fleming declared.

Red Cross Feeds Starving Filipinos

The Philippine chapter of the American Red Cross at Manila reported in a cablegram that it is rendering emergency relief in the provinces of Pangasinan and Tarlac, where famine has affected nearly 40,000 persons.

Large supplies of rice and other food necessities together with medical supplies are being rushed to the affected provinces and the measures undertaken are expected to be sufficient to meet the wants of the famine areas until the new crops are harvested less than a month from now.

PLOT TO TRADE GUNS FOR OIL AND TIMBER, CHARGED IN MEXICO

The Maxican foreign office has made public photographic copies of a contract negotiated by the leaders of the De La Huerta revolt for a $1,000,000 loan for war munitions and supplies in return for petroleum and timber concessions.

The contract was signed March 14, 1924, in New York by the Rafael Zubarran Co., the provisional president of the rebel movement, and H. C. Miller and Lyman Chatfield, alleged British agents.

The contract states that Chatfield and Miller will ship arms, preferably Mausers, for delivery at Mexican or foreign ports selected by rebel agents within a period of three weeks from the arrival of Miller and Chatfield in Europe, they undertaking to sail from New York the next day for the purpose of purchasing them.

Oil Rights Pledged.

For purchasing war materials and raising the $1,000,000 loan for the rebels, the contract gives Chatfield and Miller the right to select 500,000 acres of Mexican petroleum land and 625,000 acres of timber land. Chatfield was to select the petroleum land and Miller the timber land with full right to sell, lease, mortgage or otherwise dispose of the properties thus secured.

A clause in the contract stipulates that the concessionaries are obliged to pay whatever taxes are called for by Mexican laws.

A series of letters written last May by De La Huerta to the Zubarran company released by the foreign office also contain interesting revelations.

Other Letters Introduced.

One letter dated May 19 inquires: "What can we expect from Stevens and his associates? What has happened to Ryan and where is he?" The last paragraph of a letter dated May 27 refers to a photograph with the following notation: "For Don De La Huerta with great appreciation for his good work in helping restore good relations between our countries. "CHARLES B. WARREN."

The American embassy and British authorities profess ignorance of the identity and whereabouts of Chatfield or Miller.

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Judge Flays Idiots in Investing Public

"There are no greater idiots in the world than the investing public," declared Federal Judge Anderson in Boston in dismissing a suit brought by the Charles Ponzi trustees against Louis Feinstein, an investor, who withdrew $3,200 from the Ponzi operations just before the crash came.

Judge Anderson took occasion to predict that "Ponzi shortly will return to the financial field with a new scheme and that the public with the same old mob psychology will turn to him again with their hard-earned savings."

The court asserted that Feinstein could not be held to know that Ponzi was insolvent.

ECONOMY MARKS 1924 CAMPAIGN

G. O. P. Follows Practice of New Englanders in Being Thrifty.

There's one thing on which the politicians agree. It is that the 1924 presidential campaign is to be the most economically conducted.

As usual, the Republican committee has the best treasury. It also is being managed by New Englanders of the old stock, and anyone who has tried to separate that kind of folk from their coin without giving full return, knows that spending money is not being thrown away. This practice is somewhat painful to many old-timers in the G. O. P.

So are many of the other Coolidge ideas. Your Uncle Calvin doesn't believe in spending what he hasn't. Neither do his "down East" managers.

One result expected is that there will be no deficiency, as there was in 1920 in the treasuries of both Republicans and the Democrats. In that year the Republicans nationally accounted for $6,022,000; the Democrats $2,859,000. Neither of these sums includes what was spent by state committees.

The Democratic committee is running this year on a hand-to-mouth basis although there is no apparent lack of funds for ordinary purposes. Many of the cogs in the Democratic machine here are on the government payroll, and the rest of them hope to be, but their hopes depend on some terrific break against the President. As the days go by, the hope lessens.

The LaFollette-Wheeler campaign headquarters suffers both from lack of money and lack of authority. Some of the organizations supporting this movement insist on handling what money they have. There is little danger that the managers of the new movement will set a record for large expenditures.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

AT LEAST 25 persons perished in the great flood in Leningrad, Russia, last week, following a severe gale. This was the worst flood suffered by the former Russian capital since 1824. There is destruction, debris and desolation throughout the city and property damage is estimated at $100,000,000.

Mrs. Elsie Sweetin of Mt. Vernon, Ill., has confessed that she was implicated with the Rev. Lawrence M. Hight of Ina, Ill., in a plot to poison her husband and Mrs. Hight in order that she and the minister could be married, thus confirming the confession made by the Rev. Mr. Hight.

Great Britain has come around to the position of approving regional defensive alliances like those made by France, as an additional guarantee for the protection of national territorial integrity.

The Imperial Aviation Society of Japan has announced plans for flights by Japanese aviators across the Pacific ocean, from Japan to London and possibly around the world, for next year.

Proceedings involving the financial condition of Wilson & Co., meat packers, were definitely removed from the New Jersey courts by two decisions filed in the U. S. district court in Newark, N. J., last week.

The motive force of explosives may supplant that of compressed air in catapulting airplanes from the decks of naval vessels as a result of recent tests at the Anacostia, D. C., air station.

The worst summer France has experienced for many generations blew itself out to the accompaniment of a deluge last week, and autumn opened with a hurricane blast wreaking havoc on sea and land.

Major Pedor Zanni, the Argentine aviator, who arrived in Hongkong last week on his world flight, narrowly escaped being drowned in a collision between motorboats in the harbor.

The Middlesex county jail in Lowell, Mass., which has had a dearth of prisoners for several years, was sold at auction last week. The property was bought by Dr. James B. O'Connor of Lowell, on behalf of Cardinal O'Connell.

FOR the first time in its history the U. S. railway labor board is to conduct an election among the employes of a railroad system to determine who, in the eyes of the board, may legally represent the employes in a dispute before the board. This step was taken in the controversy between the telegraphers and the Pennsylvania railroad.

The Berlin government last week was drawing up a memorandum setting forth the conditions under which Germany will, in conformity with a cabinet decision, apply for membership in the League of Nations.

A rich strike of gold was made recently on the property of the Central Eureka Mining Co. in California. The mine, controlled by a small group of San Francisco men, is located at Sutter creek, Amador county, near Sacramento.

Count and Countess Gosta Morner, the latter known professionally as Peggy Hopkins Joyce, have agreed to settle out of court their marital difficulties, it has been announced.

President Coolidge is not disposed to take any action in the case of General Smedley Butler, safety director of Philadelphia. A law enforcement league of the city had asked the President to intervene to prevent Butler being ousted as director.

Charles G. Dawes went into Minnesota last week to make 17 speeches in three days, the most strenuous campaigning he has undertaken since accepting the Republican vice presidential nomination.

All facts indicate that a compromise between the interests of the United States and the Russian soviet government is to be desired and that it is quite within reach, the Russian foreign minister announced in reply to the pronouncement of American policy towards Russia, made by Secretary Hughes.

Resolutions urging modification of the Esch-Cummins law, so that plans for railroad consolidation may be subject to permissive authority of the interstate commerce commission, were adopted by the Investment Bankers' Association of America in its convention in Cleveland last week.

OPPOSITION to government interference in business, government ownership of railroads and the Howell-Barkley bill was voiced in resolutions adopted at the closing session of the Grain Dealers' National association last week.

The Ohio League of Women Voters and its branches have joined forces with other woman's organizations in a campaign to send to the legislature only men and women who are pledged to the ratification of the child labor amendment to the federal constitution.

A careful scrutiny of securities was made by New York bankers and brokers last week following the disclosure that bogus bonds issued in the name of a company which does not exist had been put up as collateral for loans.

International search for William J. Hanifin, for 14 years a trusted guard of the Union Trust Co. in Springfield Mass., who disappeared with two packages containing nearly $100,000 consigned to the bank, is under way.

The Democratic drive in Ohio started Monday with Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi addressing a meeting at Cleveland.

Dr. F. T. Wall of the research laboratory of Sheffield university in England, announced recently that he expects to break up an atom soon.

News that President Coolidge favors a large American air fleet has caused surprise in London in view of the efforts of the League of Nations to bring about an international disarmament conference.

Martial law has been proclaimed in Bulgaria owing to civil strife between rebellious Macedonians and government forces.

A number of mines have become detached from the mine fields in the Gulf of Finland during recent heavy weather.

Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama is the fourth defeated candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination to be assigned by the national committee to speak for Davis and Bryan in Ohio. The others are Governor Al Smith of New York, William G. McAdoo of California and Senator Harrison of Mississippi.

DEMS IN N. Y. SELECT SMITH

"Al" Will Oppose Teddy Roosevelt for Governorship of State.

Departure of the "Tammany Special" from Syracuse, N. Y., bearing several hundred Democrats who had seen Governor Smith renominated at the closing session of their party's state convention last week, formed the concluding scene of a Democratic meeting which had proved to be an epitome of harmony, the first of its kind in years.

All party leaders from Governor Smith down expressed complete confidence of victory next November. The governor in addressing the convention, said he would lead the party "as vigorously and aggressively as I can. I never ran away from a fight in my life, and I never will while I am able to fight."

Al Smith and the entire roster of Democratic state elective officials were renominated unanimously by the Democratic convention.

Smith Demonstration.

The ticket: Governor Alfred E. Smith, New York; lieutenant governor, George R. Lunn, Schenectady; secretary of state, James A. Hamilton, the Bronx; comptroller, James W. Fleming, Troy; treasurer, George K. Shuler, Lyons; attorney general, Carl Sherman, Buffalo; engineer, Dwight B. La Du, Albany.

It was a Smith demonstration all the way, every reference to the governor provoking renewed applause. When the governor appeared in person, the assemblage gave him one of the greatest ovations in his career.

Thrusts at Roosevelt.

When William Church Osborn, permanent chairman, concluded his praise of Governor Smith by saying, "there is only one Al Smith," delegates and spectators rose as one with a yell that could be heard blocks away. County standards were wrenched from their sockets and the cheering, singing delegates, drilled around the floor while the band tried to make itself heard above the din with the governor's favorite song: "The Sidewalks of New York."

The principal seconding speech was made by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a cousin of the Republican gubernatorial nominee, Theodore Roosevelt. She raised laughter when she said: "Of course Al Smith will win. He could not do otherwise when the Republican convention in Rochester did all it could to help him."

Promises Hot Campaign.

The governor in his address to the delegates promised that he would wage a vigorous campaign. Praise of John W. Davis, the Democratic presidential nominee, as the ablest Democrat in the United States, condemnation of the Republican platform as the "most dishonest document" he had ever read and denunciation of the Republican national and state administrations brought forth thunderous applause.

"You cannot nominate a myth in Washington and a name in New York and get away with it," said the governor.

The convention adjourned soon after the governor's speech. The only other business transacted was the adoption of the party platform which in the main follows closely along the lines of previous state platforms.

It openly denounced the Ku Klux Klan, called for modification of the Volstead act so as to permit the sale of light wines and beer and recommended equal representation of women on party committees.

ANNUAL RADIO SHOWS PLANNED

Halls Leased 10 Years Ahead, Says Radio Fair Secretary.

Annual international wireless shows will be staged in New York and Chicago and possibly on the Pacific coast for the next 10 years, according to James F. Kerr and U. J. Hermann, in charge of the Radio World's fair in progress at Madison Square Garden and the 69th Regiment armory in New York city last week.

Leases providing for annual dates up until 1934 have been taken on the Chicago Coliseum and the New Garden, soon to be constructed in New York by Tex Rickard and John Ringling, Karr announced. A plan to include a Pacific coast city in the world's fair circuit also is being considered.

Estimates of attendance figures at the show last week ranged as high as a quarter million persons, in whose ranks were included the manufacturers, dealers, broadcasters and fans.

Four special trains brought enthusiasts from out of town. A specially chartered 12-car limited brought the new Radio Manufacturers' association from Chicago.

There are 164 exhibits by nationally known firms and 25 or more foreign exhibitors.

The booth and decorative equipment has been called the most elaborate ever built for an American trade show of any sort. A noted architect, several famous artists and a score of scenic designers and builders devoted six months to its production, which was accomplished in the famous Sam Asch Studios.

In addition to elaborate manufacturers' displays, in which all participating companies are showing their very latest models, there are many interesting novelty exhibits. Among these are a "New Inventions Department," a "Practical Miniature Model Exhibit" and an "Amateur Set Builders' Contest."

Woman Plans Death of Premier Herriot

The police arrested Mme. Bigot Penijean, 54, of Paris, on the ground she had designs on the life of Premier Herriot.

The woman was arrested after a cabinet meeting while acting suspiciously. She said:

"Take my revolver. I haven't enough ammunition to carry out my plan of killing Herriot."

The woman said she had followed Herriot to Lyon, but there she had no opportunity to kill the premier.

POLE FLIERS TRAVEL 1400 MILES IN AIR OVER ARCTIC REGION

The Oxford university Arctic expedition has ended with what its leader, George Binney, describes as satisfactory results.

Its outstanding success has been the first crossing of Northeast Land. The last time this was attempted was in 1912 by Germans, who lost their lives. The only other previous attempt was made in 1873 by Swedes.

The expedition took a seaplane and assembled it. The pilot flew a total of 1,400 miles, reaching latitude 80.15, which is the farthest point north in the history of aviation.

"The best way to explore the North Pole by air," said Binney, "would involve the use of one large seaplane, capable of transporting dogs, sledges and all other gear for the land journey. This then should fly near the Pole, be abandoned there and the return made by sledge. It should be not Spitzbergen to Alaska to the Pole, but Spitzbergen to the Pole direct."

The expedition derived comfort from its wireless and devoted many lonely nights listening to broadcasting programs 2,000 miles away.

The baggage on the return includes crates of fossils, birds' eggs, skins and films, some of which were taken in flight within 600 miles of the pole.

The expedition sailed from New Castle, England, in June in two ships, a 300-ton Norwegian whaler and a small Norwegian sailing sloop, and carrying a seaplane specially designed for Arctic reconnaissance.

The chief object of the expedition was to explore Northeast Land, an island to the northeast of the main Spitzbergen island. Other objects were to beat the farthest-north record of sailing in navigable waters and to investigate to the northwest of the Franz Josef archipelago.

The party included Captain Helmer Hansen, who was at the South Pole with Amundsen, and had the backing of the British government and the Royal Geographical society.

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AMERICAN AVIATORS BOOMERANG BACK TO SEATTLE AIR FIELD

Continued From Page One

ounce of weight had to be conserved to make carrying capacity for fuel. When the airmen reached cold districts they purchased heavy clothes. These were thrown away when warmer weather was encountered.

Forced Down in Alaska.

Four planes left Seattle for the flight, commanded by Major Frederick L. Martin. He suffered a series of mishaps, including the damaging of the flagplane Seattle in lighting at Prince Rupert, B. C., the first night out. Between Sitka and Cordova, Alaska, Major Martin narrowly averted colliding with the other planes in a snowstorm. En route to Chignik, Alaska peninsula, he was forced down by engine trouble. His companions reached Chignik and he was found the next day at Cape Igrak, 50 miles east of Kanatak.

After three planes proceeded from Chignik to Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutian Islands without Major Martin, storms prevented him from leaving Kanatak for several days. He then reached Chignik. Stormy weather continued but Martin endeavored to rejoin his companions April 30. Nothing was heard of him until 10 days later when it was learned that the Seattle had hit a mountain on the Alaska peninsula and that he would be out of the flight.

"Commander's Luck."

Major Martin and his mechanic, Staff Sergeant Alva L. Harvey, escaped unhurt, although they suffered hardships in extreme cold and fog while attempting to reach a salmon cannery at Port Moeller.

Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith, piloting the plane Chicago and commanding the expedition after Major Martin's accident, had considerable engine trouble. After crossing the China Sea to Shanghai, Smith's companions were forced to wait a day in China while he fixed his engine at Kagoshima, the last point touched by the aviators in Japan. At Calcutta he broke a rib.

From that point until Aug. 3, the expedition suffered no mishaps. On that day, however, Lieutenant Smith and Lieutenant Leigh Wade, pilot of the plane Boston, attempted to rejoin Lieutenant Erik Nelson, pilot of the New Orleans, at Hornafjord, Iceland, whence he had flown alone the previous day from Kirkwall, Orkney Islands. Lieutenant Wade was forced down on account of engine trouble and Lieutenant Smith continued to his destination. Lieutenant Wade was rescued by the United States Cruiser Richmond. In hoisting the plane from the water, a heavy steel beam of the crane broke and went through the machine, thus putting the Boston out of the flight.

No Joy Ride.

Despite the number of days the men were not flying, they declared they had only a few days recreation, including one day each in Tokio, London and Paris. The rest of their time was spent on their machines, 14 to 16 hours of hard work daily.

The fliers received an invitation to witness a double beheading at Bangkok, Siam, for first degree murder. Beheadings are rare and are usually carried out in private with only distinguished persons present. The fliers declined the invitations owing to the flight being continued a couple of hours before the executions.

In a letter written by Lieutenant John Harding, Jr., Lieutenant Nelson's companion, he said both of them "got a kick out of seeing pieces of metal and piston rings fly out the exhaust pipe" when an exhaust valve guide broke while they were over the Sind desert 55 miles from Karachi, India. Lieutenant Harding declared, however, that they were "a little uneasy, due to the fact that the country, 6,000 feet below was nothing but rough, sandy desert in all directions and a forced landing on the rolling, hilly and cactus-infested sands would probably wreck the plane." Although the connecting rod of the engine was broken the plane arrived at Karachi.

Threading the Needle.

Lieutenant Wade said that the most interesting part of the world trip was the crossing of the Taurus mountains in Asia Minor, the machines having to fly single file through a narrow gorge and the wings nearly touching the sides. Heavy clouds were overhead and a rushing torrent below.

In French Indo-China, the planes were passing the edge of a monsoon when Lieutenant Smith noticed smoke pouring from his engine. He signaled the others to go on. Noticing a land-locked lagoon under them he shut off the motor and glided down. On the way to the lagoon, Lieutenant Arnold, Smith's companion, grabbed a fire extinguisher, climbed out of his cockpit, scrambled over the struts of the plane despite a heavy gale, and got down to the bottom of the engine. When the plane lighted the fire was out before Lieutenant Smith climbed out of his seat. A connecting rod had broken the engine. A new part was brought on the back of a donkey 50 miles from Tourane.

Russia Is Brusque.

When the fliers reached Tokio, Lieutenant Smith said that they had received the cold shoulder from Russia at Nikolski, in the Komandorski Islands, off Siberia. The longes scheduled jump of the expedition was from Attu Island to Paramashiru Islands, and the fliers broke it by lighting in Nikolski Bay, where on account of the absence of relations between the United States and Russia no stop had been scheduled.

But the steamer Elder of the United States Fisheries patrol hurried there ahead of the fliers, who arrived in the evening. The Russians came out in a boat and demanded that the Americans all leave. The Americans said that the fliers would go, but that the Elder needed water. The Russians replied that they would ask Moscow if the Elder could have water.

Ruse Succeeds.

A snowstorm shrouded the bay, and the fliers went aboard the Elder and got a night's rest. In the morning they rose and continued to Paramashiru.

The Elder hurried away. She needed no water.

"From Pictou Harbor, N. S., the fliers went down the Atlantic coast to Boston, where landing gear was substituted for pontoons, then Mitchel field on Long Island, Washington, Dayton, Chicago, Omaha, St. Joseph, Mo., Muskogee, Okla., Dallas, El Paso, Tucson, Ariz.; San Diego, Santa Monica, San Francisco, Eugene, Ore., and San Point field, Lake Washington, adjoining Seattle."

Wade Rejoins Flight.

Lieutenant Wade, flying a plane sent from the United States for him and named the Boston II, rejoined the flight at Pictou Harbor, Nova Scotia.

Lieutenant Smith said in England: "The time is near when anybody will be able to make an 8,000 or 10,000-mile air trip without changing planes. As commercial aviation develops it will be merely a case, when one stage of the trip is completed, of taking out the engines and slipping in new ones. Pilots will be changed and the journey continued."

Four attempts to fly around the earth were made this summer.

Major Sarmento De Beires and two other Portuguese officers flew from Lisbon to Macao, wrecking one plane and replacing it and landing the other in a cemetery whence they could not take off and where the machine was dismantled.

Major A. Stuart MacLaren and two other British soldiers left Calshot, England, March 25, in one plane, put a new machine into service at Akyab, India, and wrecked the latter by hitting a heavy sea when trying to avoid a small island in lighting near Nikolski Bay, Aug. 3.

Major Pedro Zanni of Argentina started at Amsterdam, July 26, and at last accounts was pushing his way through the Orient, intending to follow the route of the Americans in the reverse direction.

Communists Admit Bomb Outrage

It is established that contrary to the first reports, the bomb thrown at President Wojciechowski at Lemburg on Sept. 15, was not merely a malodorous one, but was filled with a most dangerous explosive, a slight defect in the fuse preventing its detonation.

This was brought out when the Jewish student Stanislaw Steiner, who was seized while running from the scene, came before the special court of accelerated procedure on a charge of throwing the missile. Steiner said that he ran because he feared the bomb was about to explode. No evidence identifying him as the bomb thrower was produced.

The court received a message from a secret Ukrainian Communist organization saying that the bomb was thrown by one of its members, and it was decided to remit the case to the police for further investigation.

WORLD AIR PORT IS DAYTON'S AIM

International Races to Help Ohio City Realize Its Ambition.

Dayton is hopeful that the International Air races, Oct. 2, 3 and 4, will prove the starting of a movement to bring to fruition its greatest desire—to make the city the largest air center in the world.

This end is sought because it is felt that the "birthplace of the airplane" should become its most noted point.

The air races, which will be held at Wilbur Wright field, it is hoped, will so focus national and international attention on the city, that congress will listen with consideration to the Dayton plan.

This contemplates the conversion of Wright field into a vast airport, second to none. A year or so ago, Dayton, by popular subscription raised enough money to purchase 5,000 acres of land, which includes the present Wright field, consisting of 300 acres.

This great tract was presented to the government and accepted by it. Now, the problem is to "keep the ball rolling" by starting the construction of buildings. What Dayton enthusiasts want congress to do is to make an initial appropriation of $5,000,000 for the improvement of the field.

Then, they want the government to move McCook field, the army aviation experimental center, located on the edge of town, to Wright field.

They want the proposed great airport to be named after Wilbur Wright as a memorial to him.

Dayton committees co-operating with officials of the International Air Races, Inc., for a year have been systematically building up plans for the races to a point where it is predicted they will be the greatest ever.

Last year at St. Louis the races drew some 90 participants; entries this year total 178.

With some of the army's most noted and daring flyers located at McCook field, it has been an easy matter to frame a "stunt" program crammed with the spectacular and unusual.

AMERICA BUILDS TERROR OF SEAS

War Vessel Larger Than Leviathan Will Carry Fleet of Planes.

In the maze of discussions on peace terms, disarmament, world courts and the League of Nations, the country has lost sight of the fact that at this moment the greatest warship of all time, and perhaps the best insurance against war, is being rushed to completion for the United States government. Not only is this warship to be the largest, but she will represent the greatest mass of iron and steel ever set in motion by human agency, not excepting the Leviathan.

In her specifications and to her builders at the Fore River shipyard, Quincy, Mass., the big ship is yet known as "1300," but when the bilge blocks are knocked out and she glides down the ways she becomes the U. S. S. Lexington.

The Lexington is designed as an airplane carrier and anyone who ever has had the misfortune to disturb the peace and contentment of a nest of hornets will find it easy to imagine what will happen if an enemy submarine, airplane or battleship courts trouble with her.

Some idea of her gigantic proportions may be had from the fact that her landing deck is more than two acres in area.

If military experts are correct in their contention that war strength in the future will be measured by power in the air, the Lexington will be the most powerful ship afloat.

Board to Speed Up U. S. Patent Office

Secretary Work last week announced the personnel of a committee selected to simplify methods of procedure and expedite functioning of the patent office, which, as a result of an enormous increase in the patent business during recent years, is far behind in its work. A. J. Brousseau of the chamber of commerce of the United States, was named on the commission with the following members to represent patent law associations: George A. Prevost, Washington, D. C.; Thomas Ewing, New York; Henry M. Huxley, Chicago; Harry Frease, Cleveland; Milton Tibbetts, Detroit, and J. Bailey Brown, Pittsburgh.

Your Old Glasses Traded in On a New Pair

Send No Money

Send Me Your Old Glasses and Get a New Pair

Take advantage of this wonderful FREE OFFER

My Friend: I want to send you a pair of my wonderful Perfect Vision Zylo Shell Glasses because I know they are so much better than any you have ever had before. These glasses are entirely different. The sight through them is perfect because the lenses are ground of the same crystal as any $15.00 pair or the most expensive kind made.

I know they will fit your eyes so perfectly that you will be able to read the finest print with ease and comfort. You won't have to hold your reading matter at arm's length and even farther as you may be doing now, and so straining and perhaps injuring your sight. With my Zylo Shell glasses on, it will be a pleasure to thread your needle and do your sewing. The Zylo Shell Rims around the eyes will prevent the sun from casting a reflection so that you will be able to see at a distance and sight your gun as well as you ever did in your younger days when you did not need glasses.

I WILL SEND THEM TO YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send them to you absolutely Free, all charges prepaid, so that it won't cost you a cent to try them, and if you find that they fit you better than any you may have had before and decide to keep them, I will accept any old pair of glasses you may have, as $1.00 part payment on my handsome Zylo Shell Spectacles, with the understanding that you will positively recommend them to your friends.

DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT—JUST MAIL ME THE COUPON BELOW.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 5 St. Louis, Mo.

I herewith enclose this coupon which entitles me by return mail to a pair of your Perfect Vision Zylo Shell Rim Spectacles, complete in a fine spring-back pocketbook spectacle case without any cost to me, so I can try them out for fully ten days. If I like the glasses and keep them I am to pay you $3.85 only, or $2.85 and an old pair of spectacles as you agreed to allow me $1.00 for any old pair. But, if for any reason whatever, I don't wish to keep them I will return the spectacles to you without paying you a cent for them. With this understanding I mail you this coupon. Don't fail to answer these questions.

How old are you?..... How many years have you used glasses?.....

Name.....

Postoffice..... Rural Route..... Box No.....

Street No..... State.....

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

WORN OUT STUFF— Handed Out at Picnics.

There is more rot and pot stuff handed out at farm picnics by cheap John speakers to farmers than is practiced in any other place or on any other class of people in the world.

This statement was made by a man who is a business farmer. He knows cheap stuff when he sees it in a store or hears it shot off at a picnic or given to the farmers day or night.

Too many speakers try to give the farmers a lot of cheap second-hand sympathy. He proceeds to talk as though the farmers were a lot of helpless sissies who cannot fight their own battles.

Some farmers like this kind of stuff and will take it home with them and nurse it a long time and vote for the cheap John when he runs for office. No wonder the farmer has to pay more tax all the time.

The farmer ought to hire somebody to tell him the truth and give him hell and plenty of it.

We find a bit of advice in the National Stockman and Farmer which just suits our fancy. Our readers will generally agree with the good sense it utters and proposes. Here it is:

"The time has come," said the leader of a farmers' organization, "when we as an industry must go before congress and say that since we are the biggest of all industries we must have recognition, that we deserve consideration. The banks, the railroads, labor, all have had legislation in their favor and we are entitled to the same privilege." There he stopped, for the reason they all stop with such generalities, he didn't care or dare to be specific. This picnic bunk about "going before congress" and "demanding" some unnamed privileges, and howling about equally vague "favors" to others in legislation, should stop. It never did any good and never will. It has also ceased to be popular, but some of our orators haven't got wise to that.

DANGER IN SPECULATION— Iowa Has Sad Tale to Tell.

Do farmers gamble? Yes. Many do not so consider speculation as a gambling game, but it is. Here is what ex-Secretary of Agriculture Wallace of Iowa says about the farmers of his state:

Curious to know why there were so many foreclosures of farms in Iowa, which is conceded to be a great agricultural state, the editor in March wrote to every county clerk asking how many foreclosures in 1923, and to date in 1924, and asking what was the chief cause of the foreclosures. Was it due to falling prices, increased overhead expense, or overload of investments?

Out of 99 counties, 55 clerks replied. Forty-seven were of the opinion that overload of investments was the principal cause of the 1,339 foreclosures in the 55 Iowa counties that replied to the inquiry. Twenty-five said that lower prices were a contributory cause, and 15 that the increased overhead expense, such as higher wages, higher cost of things and increased taxes also aided in the sad plight of those forced to sell out to satisfy debts.

But the outstanding fact, presuming that the county clerks know the causes of foreclosures in their counties, is that 85 per cent of the foreclosures were brought on, not by falling prices of farm products, or increased costs, but by speculation in land, oil stock, and the 57 varieties of speculative investments that take the ready cash and leave the investor holding the empty sack.

The farmers need not feel that they were the only ones who bit on speculative inducements. If there be any banker, business man, professional man or laborer who has not at one time or another, when he was feeling his oats, invested some of his money in a speculation, let him cast the first stone at the farmers. Many a bank and store has closed its doors by foreclosure or by failure. Many a factory has gone to the wall while the farms were being foreclosed. It has been more secretly done. In fact, it is so common that it rates no such comment as when the farmers, solid business men, they usually are, go to the wall. If there be any comfort in this then cheer up, the worst is over. Speculation has been checked by its own folly.

ICE CREAM HAS BOOM— Helps the Dairy Game.

Everybody ought to eat ice cream. It helps the dairy game. In fact there is a big boom for cold weather in chunks and gallons and cones.

Here is what the National Stockman and Farmer says:

It is estimated that last year 295,000,000 gallons of ice cream were manufactured in the United States, a production of 2.66 gallons for every man, woman and child in the country. This enormous consumption of ice cream means the outlet of 476,000,000 quarts of cream and 375,000,000 pounds of butter fat. Approximately 100 years ago the first ice cream was made in the United States. For many years it was a delicacy enjoyed by only a few. Slowly its popularity spread until today it is a great institution, hailed with delight by the folks who eat it and by the folks who keep cows.

BIRDS FLY AT NIGHT— Pilgrims of the Air.

They fly nigh in the sky. Their journey is long. Twice a year the trip is made. Birds are a blessing of song and color. Harm them not.

Some power and wisdom charts their course. From zone to zone they go and seldom lose the way. They know when to go and when to return.

Scholars and scientific students have not yet found out the whole story as to why and how these birds make their journey. They migrate when the time comes. They know the day to start, or rather the night. Most of their long distance trips are made at night.

Astronomers who gaze at moon and stars at night often see great flocks of birds far above the earth flying either north or south, according to the season. They have mixed. When fog blinds them they fly much nearer the earth than they do in clear weather.

Often in their flight they follow river valleys or mountain crests. Sometimes coast lines. They have a regular summer cottage north and a cozy winter home in southland.

These pilgrims of the air come forth in springtime with their full dress of color and feathers. They return after their season's work and breeding with less spirit and with their young.

Bob-o-links are long distance fliers. They go from the northern part of the United States as far south as Central and South America for the winter season.

Another long distance traveler is the yellow legs. They wade the water in the Arctic ocean and breed there in our summer time, then wing their way, 8,000 miles southward, to the southern end of South America. Many men would not dare make the trip. God's great plans inspire reverence. It's a glorious sight to see the flock of wild geese marching in the air in exact mathematical formation. The honk of the gander is music to us from the sky. No one has ever learned just why some birds stay and others make the round trip year after year.

AS A SQUARE MAN— Pop Geers Won Fame.

"Pop" Geers was the world's most famous racing man. For more than 50 years he was on the turf training and driving trotting and pacing horses. Breaking records was his habit.

The first week in September, 1924, he was thrown from his bike on the race track at Wheeling, W. Va. A few hours later he died, and a man who was known the world over had crossed the River of time and tide.

Every big newspaper in the country printed stories, cartoons and editorials about this noted reinsman. When driving his last race he was 72 years old. When mounting his bike to score he told his boys: "Just one more whirl at this game, and I am done." He expected to retire from the sport.

More than 3,000 times "Pop" Geers had raced for the wire. As a rule he was a winner. Honesty made him great. He never did a mean thing in the 50 years he was in the game.

Ten thousand horsemen had come and gone from the racing sport since "Pop" Geers drove his first race. They are mostly forgotten. Some of them did not know the value of racing on the square.

One of the reasons why we write this story is that "Pop" Geers was born on a farm. Strange how these country boys climb up the ladder of fame. Queer how old-fashioned honesty will wear through half a century of time and reward him or her who has the courage to follow the trail.

Geers drove the fastest horses. They made him famous. He made them famous. Born down in Tennessee he early in life took a liking to the horse and then to training them for speed. A monument will be erected in his honor. Most folks with red blood like to see an honest horse race. "Pop" Geers was never a party to a "fixed" race.

He died at the peak of his fame and in the harness. No doubt he would have willed it that way. He was the hero of the day and cheered by the crowd as he came the last time down the home stretch racing for the wire and—death.

Not many men are holding the reins over a world-beater horse on the racing track at three score and 12 years. Honesty was his bright and shining badge. Loved by all who knew him. On his grave can be carved the greatest tribute: "He was a good neighbor and an honest man."

LISTING TAX PROPERTY— Are All Measured Alike.

Should rich or poor be tax dodgers? Can the poor man escape taxes? Is it not a fact that if the average family has any property everybody knows it?

Who checks up on the rich man to find out whether he has given in all of his belongings for taxation? If he does give it in does he sometimes get a rebate?

Does the assessor call on you each year? Does he ask a lot of questions and inquire into your business? Do you have a good memory when this taxing official calls on you to remember all the notes, mortgages, pigs, lambs, etc., owned by you?

In some states the assessor no longer calls. A blank is mailed from the courthouse to each property holder who is trusted to make a truthful return of all that he and his wife owns, swear to it, and return the paper t othe county tax officer.

Would you be as honest under this plan as you would be if the old-time assessor called on you and asked you what you own? Will you vote to re-elect this man if he asks you too many questions? Will you want him to hold the job for life if he lets you off easy? This is the rule in many places.

Of course some folks are satisfied that their neighbor is not listing everything, and then they make up their minds to keep even with the neighbor or go him one better.

WHAT IS YOUR GUESS— On One Hundred Boys?

Keep 100 good boys on the farm. Let 100 boys leave the farm and engage in some other business. Do this today.

Forty years from now make a survey of these boys. Find out where they are, what they are doing and what they have got.

What is your guess as to the result? Which hundred will you bet on as having come nearer making a success out of life? We mean the average of each 100.

Who will be raising the biggest and best families? Who will be best prepared for old age? In which crowd will you find the most reverence for the Bible and the Christian religion?

Think it over. Do it now.

STAY IN THE HARNESS— Do Not Rust Out.

How many folks do you know who have quit work and play in the game of life and then begin to rust out and have aches and pains?

Better have something to do and something to worry about once in a while. It keeps the blood red and the old machine going. If you let a piece of farm machinery stand still very long it won't be worth much.

Here are a few lines that may be good advice to all our readers.

If you're active at labor
And active at play,
Retire and you'll find
There's the Dickens to pay;
Better busy at eighty,
Regardless of wealth,
Than idle and weighty,
A-nursing your health.

—Dover News.

ARE MEN GOOD COOKS— Hotels Will Say Yes.

How many men can claim to be good cooks? Can they prove it? The big hotels have men who do the cooking and they must be the best that money can hire. They get good wages and are really scarce.

At many county and state fairs there are real contests between canning and cooking clubs. As a rule, these contestants are girls, and their leader is a domestic science teacher lady.

We have just read of an unusual case in these contests. A country school teacher, who has been teaching in a one-room country school for 30 years who was the leader of a food club team.

This teacher is a man. He teaches cooking and does cooking in his country school. He took his girls to a state fair. His girl team was in competition with a big state. Many other towns with trained lady teachers were in the contest. They were from big towns and big schools.

This man, with his country school-girl team, won the blue ribbon, much to the amazement of the experts and the newspapers of the whole state. We are glad to write a story like this. It was a worth while victory. It shows that farm folks are as smart as others.

We wonder how much a teacher like this is worth? What is the difference between this kind of common sense education and some of the tommyrot that we hear of young folks getting into now and then?

Some may say a man is not expected to cook or teach others to cook in a country school room, but this man has made a hero of himself and heroines of his girl cooking team. Hats off to them. None like them.

FARMERS AND FREIGHT— Cost Works Both Ways.

Yes, freight rate charges work both ways against the farmer. Yet he stays at home on primary election day and lets the smart-set run things to suit themselves.

High freight rates ruin farm profits. No doubt all candidates for president will promise lower rates, the same as they will promise to lower taxes. But so many things are forgotten after the votes are counted.

Freight charges are deducted from everything the farmer sells. Freight charges are added to everything the farmer buys. Nobody denies it.

He ships hogs or wheat. Freight comes out of the price to him. He buys fertilizer, machinery, etc., and the freight is added to him. How the dickens would a lot of smart fellows get a living if we had no farmers.

DO YOU KNOW IT— Amount of Your Debt.

Is your town, township or county, or school district in debt? If so, do you know how much in debt? Do you know how much interest must be paid on this debt? Do you know why this bond debt was made?

Do you know that many taxing districts must pay from one-fourth to one-half of the tax dollar for debt and interest? That is one of the reasons why taxes are high and going higher. Interest is a cancer that eats away the tax dollar, day and night, including Sundays and holidays.

Here is a bit of news we clip for our Blade readers:

Former Master Lowell of the National Grange, said in his annual address given at Pittsburgh, a short time ago: "I desire to reiterate my unwavering conviction that we are going altogether too far in incurring bonded indebtedness for road building. However anxious we may be for good highways, we have no right to put a load of tax burden upon generations yet unborn." That admonition will not be relished by the road hog, for his ambition is to get all the money you can to put into high priced roads that more profit may be had. These selfish road people keep road propagandists traveling over the country at good salaries working up sentiment for expensive road improvements, oft times fooling the people that it will not cost them much to get it, when, in fact, it means high taxes and big bond issues. The taxpayers who pay for these road improvements pay the salaries of these road propagandists. It is all taxed up as a part of the cost of the road.

SOILED AND SPOILED— Human Food Sold to Public.

Human vultures should be hanged. A lot of fellows will sell soiled and spoiled food just to turn this poison stuff into cash.

Over 12,000 seizures of spoiled food have been made by government officials under the pure food act. This means that many thousand times these low-down mortals were willing to ruin health and happiness of other folks in order to make money for themselves.

We buy food and eat it with confidence that it has been prepared and handled in a sanitary way. We buy medicine from drug stores and have faith that we get the genuine article.

We are in favor of the severest and surest punishment for all who make, sell or in any way aid in the distribution of spoiled feed or adulterated drugs.

LICK A LAWYER— What Should a Man Do?

You are lucky if you know nothing or mighty little about a lawsuit. It costs money to get into court and more money to get out.

We have known cases where smart lawyers wanted to show off and try to make a big showing before their clients, and to do so would say unkind things in court they would not dare to say outside.

Here is a story we read in a country weekly. We wonder if some of our readers have not heard of similar cases. Here it is:

Henry Tredway of Lyons was a witness in a lawsuit in common pleas court of this county a few days ago. One of the attorneys in the case in his argument to the jury said that Mr. Tredway lied in his testimony, or in other words, committed perjury. Mr. Tredway who lives a clean, honest life, was humiliated and chagrined at being publicly branded a perjurer. He inquired if a lawyer had a right to make such acquisitions in open court when the man being thus wrongfully accused was powerless to defend himself. We believe in the observance of law on all occasions, but, like the Quaker, we have a profound conviction that if some of these foul-mouth lawyers would get a good trouncing out of court for some of the abuse and slander they heap upon an honest and respectable citizen who may give testimony against their side of the case it would do that class of lawyers a world of good; it would teach them that the other fellow had rights that are to be respected in and out of court, and the destruction of character will not be tolerated even in a lawsuit.

HAVE ENOUGH INSURANCE— Then Fire May Not Happen.

Too often we read of farm buildings burning. Then comes the report that there was no insurance and a total loss. Perhaps there was some insurance, but not enough to cover the loss.

Why not carry enough safety-first. Then there may never be a fire. Insurance is a good investment. If part insurance is worth while then full insurance is better.

Think it over before the fire happens. Do it now.

HARVEST THE CORN— Picnic Season Is Over.

October days are here or near. Happy time of year. The dress of trees is red and gold. The summer is growing old gracefully. Picnics and family reunions have been held. Fair time will soon be past. Then gray autumn will meet and greet us. Tokens of grim winter will soon come our way.

Just now the corn harvest, sugar beet harvest and tobacco harvest will claim attention. We hope the crop will be even better than expected after a rather unusual season of weather. The corn cutting and cribbing is the big game and job.

Cut no more than you need for rough feed. Costs time to cut and it is mighty hard work. Husk as soon as possible. Get corn in crib. It wears better there than in the shock. Make the fodder shocks stand straight. If they twist they get wet, soggy and rotten and your live stock stomach is abused. Do a good job. Keep enough old corn for seed. Early frost this year may have punished late corn of your last planting. Do it now.

AN IRISHMAN'S PRAYER— Can You Beat It?

The power of prayer has oft been debated. Some human beings never prayed and may never try to do so. Our greatest and most successful men and women have not feared to send a prayer up to God asking Divine help.

Here is the prayer of an Irishman who prayed out loud the same way and for the same things that some other folks pray under breath:

An Irishman was told to pray for his enemies, and started in to pray for his nearest neighbor like this: Oh! Lord have mercy on me neighbor Hennessey! He's the mainest man yee iver put boweis into, if Oi do say so myself. Bless him with all sorts of calamities and holy troubles. Give him an increase of kittens ivery toime yee give me an increase av pigs. Give him a dozen little petaters ivery toime yee give me a half dozen big wans. Give me power to overcome him wid koindness ivery toime Oi am One Too Many for him wid a club. He sez he'll be blasted if he iver neighbors wid me again, and Oi pray yee to give him all the blashtings he wants, if it isn't axin' too much on short acquaintance!

HATS OFF TO FLAG— Black Man Does His Duty.

Friday, Sept. 12, 1924, was known as "Defense Day" in the United States. Nearly 7,000 cities and towns had patriotic programs and parades of soldiers, school children and lodges.

We watched one of these big parades. Many bands played our national tunes. Color bearers carried the flag. Hardly half of those on the street had the sense to take off their hats as the colors went by.

In a small group were seven white men talking and finding fault with Defense Day spirit and program. The flag went by. Not one of the seven removed his hat. A black man, standing near, took off his hat and stood with head uncovered. He respected Old Glory. The white men did not.

We would rather shake hands with this black fellow than the whole crowd of whites who do not know their duty to their country and their flag. We need these lessons in our schools. Does your teacher care about the flag and patriotism? You might get a surprise if you talk to her. Do it now.

ROAD-SIDE FARM STORE— Get the Tourist's Cash.

Recently we have seen the cozy roadside candy, soft drink, cantaloupe, peach and pear store ready to sell to the passing tourist who always has cash in pocket.

Often we see the farm boy or girl behind the counter playing the part of merchant. As a rule they are polite and are making good salesmen. Sometimes the wife keeps the shop.

It is a home market for home-grown products of the farm. The quality is usually good and the traveler likes to stop a bit in the country and take a bite and get a drink of something. Try it.

These roadside caterers should sell only the best and never take advantage of the customer. In this manner a good country business can be built up that will help the farmer. If the skin game is played, then the business is ruined. The tourist is smart.

A FOX FUR RUG— Valued at $2,500.

Seventeen gray fox hides made into a rug. The cash value was $2,500. How many Blade readers would pay such price? How many can afford to walk on that much cash?

We read the story of a hunter in Arizona trapping these foxes and having their pelts made into a fancy rug which was exhibited in the show window of a store in one of the eastern states.

This hunter says that he has seen fox fur rugs that sold for as much as $7,000. This is all very well for those who can afford to buy hides at that price, but since we have a large family and some debts, we let the other fellow do the bidding.

Farmers better grow hide than hogs or corn. More money in the fox game.

ORGANIZING THE BIGGEST BUSINESS

The International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 5 Is, "The Choice of the Twelve"— Matthew 10:1-8.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

WHILE a man may make his mission, the mission also makes the man. Shirkers and clock-watchers, drifters and casuals, miss the real reward of work; which is the effect of devotion to his task upon the worker's own character.

All the periods of history are full of instances of men made great by engrossment in a great enterprise. At the same time, the records are silent concerning the countless company of equally talented men who failed to throw themselves into their day's mightiest undertaking, and so failed to be lifted by it onto the high plane of their own possibilities.

Any young person interested in success can find no more stimulating study than the experience of the 12 commonplace men who were made history's foremost group by becoming disciples of Christ.

A Queer Lot of Leaders.

Although the principle is universal, there is no other illustration of it to match the making of the Twelve. These men, who are now immortals, casting their shadows down all the centuries, were of the commonest stock.

There was not a college degree in the lot; not one of them belonged to the "upper classes." Although their work was to be religious, none of them was a priest or a professional ecclesiastic. Most of them were working men.

Only one—and he the traitor—came from the religious center of the nation, Judea. There was not a single citizen of Jerusalem, the seat of the Jew's spiritual life, in the company.

Galilean fishermen, a class "socially impossible," furnished at least four of the Twelve. Another was a zealot, an agitator or radical. Still another, wholly beyond the Jewish pale, was a tax-collector, or publican.

Such was the queer and unlikely material with which Jesus organized the greatest enterprise in the world. His action was not hasty. Like many of the Master's gravest decisions, this one followed a night spent apart on the mountain top in prayer. Clearly, it was the matured philosophy of Jesus that not many wise, not many noble, not many mighty, were to be counted as kingdom-pillars. His building must be with raw material—and some of it proved surprisingly raw.

No political campaign committee was ever chosen with the care spent on the Twelve. Jesus understood that this cabinet of His would have to carry on His work after His departure. If they should prove recreant to their task; if they should fail to deliver the Message that their leader was drilling into them; then there was no other hope for humanity. The organization would go to pieces. This biggest business in the universe was dependent upon the loyalty of twelve common men!

Getting a Real Education.

Something happened — something so great as to be staggering. That something is not merely a marvel of history, but a direct admonition for the youth of today. It was the qualifying of the Twelve for their task by association with Jesus. These rank commoners became great men —the greatest—because they kept company with Christ. Their message and ministry not only turned the world upside down, but it also turned them inside out, completely revolutionizing their character and capacity. These men were remade by their Master and their mission.

This is a stupendous truth which, while the psychologists catalogue it, the world of pedagogy in practice ignores it. There is more of real education in a great purpose, a great experience, and a great association than in all the books of all the universities.

Our continent in its prosperity has turned with zest toward the idea of a college education for legions of young people whose parents never dreamed of such a thing for themselves. It may be said that the nation is staking its future upon education. Without disparaging by one iota this extraordinary opening of the doors of learning to the multitudes, it needs to be said soberly that what the world most needs today is more of the kind of education which the apostles received.

Once let a generation of young people come under the sway of Christ and His aims, and have their deepest springs of life touched by His power and pure passion; once let their ambitions became audaciously selfless; and as magnificent as Christ's kingdom conception; and as fearlessly devoted to righteousness as were His—then we shall see the solution of the perplexities which have been handed down unsolved from age to age. The "higher education" which qualifies one for largest service is that which is obtained only in the school of Christ.

Today's "Youth Movement."

Open-eyed observers of our world are watching what is now commonly called "The Youth Movement" in Europe; which, with its curious combination of carnality and spirituality, is one of the most significant, as it is also one of the most romantic social developments since the war. A recent book by Stanley High, "The Revolt of Youth," pictures it as a really world-wide uprising. As in America, much of this phenomenon is a regretable casting off of all restraints and glorification of the merely physical. Nevertheless, it has also its spiritual side, which Mr. High seems to think predominant.

He quotes one appeal by and to the German youth—for it is in Germany that the revolt of youth has been most clear and spectacular: "A shining Figure stands for us out of the darkness, eternally young. It is the Light of the World, the Saviour whose very name awakens fear in this rotting world, but whom few greet with youthful eagerness. His name is Christ."

Any study of the amazing development of the present youth movement, with its cross currents and paradoxical manifestations, drives the Christian reader straight to the conclusion that the hour has struck for a new answer to the call of the Christ who once made into leaders and reshapers of the world the commonplace young men whom He gathered about Him in Galilee.

Practically, we need straightway a renaissance of the young people's societies of the churches; a fresh awakening of the Sunday schools; a clear Christian leadership for the colleges; and a new sense of Christian discipleship in the family.

If the official heads of the churches were at all alive to the real need of our distracted time, they would turn aside from money-raising and theological squabbling and ecclesiastic jockeying, and devote themselves to recruiting a new apostolate of Christ from the restless youth of the land.

Going the Limit for God.

Putting side by side this mountain transaction in old Galilee, when Christ met an emergency by calling a selected group of young men to give up everything else for Christian service; and our own era's peculiar need and its multitude of career-seeking youth; we perceive that there is new urgency in the Master's word, spoken in this connection. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Thus Jesus urges His people to follow His own procedure and put prayer first. Spiritual needs must be met by spiritual resources.

Put in the form of a modern newspaper advertisement, the case appears thus:

WANTED—Disciples of Christ
—who will invest their own capital;
—who are not afraid to work;
—who will obey orders;
—who will get into the spirit of the business;
—who will qualify for promotion;
—who will be potential partners in the concern.

Beyond doubt, the Master means business. He seeks servants now as urgently as of old. Merely to be a Christian is not enough of discipleship, even as being a college graduate is not in itself an adequate result of education. A few days ago in New York city, I was in the Princeton club, with a graduate of last year's class, who commented: "It's all right for the fellows just out of college to go around looking like complacent graduates; but what gets me is the ones who, after several years out, are still playing the role of gay college boys. It is time they had got identities of their own by the work they are doing."

Is not that a fair picture of many Christians? They are simply Christians; they have not taken up the task of discipleship. Their backs are under none of the loads which Christ lays upon His co-workers. His own passion for man and for God does not stir them. The cause of the kingdom gets no special support from them. They have yet to catch the contagion of Christ. His leadership to the limit is not a real thing in their lives. So they miss the greatness and the joy of active discipleship. They need to become active in the biggest business in the world.

SALOON TIMBERS RISE AS CHURCH

Pulpit and Altar Made of Bar; Parsonage Once Brewery Office.

The old Greek saying "out of bad wood good smoke sometimes comes," was applied in Duranga, Colo., when a "community tabernacle" and its parsonage were built out of timbers and materials taken from a once notorious gambling resort and dance hall and from an erstwhile brewery.

The tabernacle, built by the Free Methodist church, recently was dedicated. Its altar rail was made out of part of the bar against which the lumberjacks, miners, cowpunchers, Mexicans and gamblers of 40 years ago leaned.

The bar's foot-rail was converted into the hand-rail of the steps leading into the church. A Bible now rests on the polished walnut where the liquor of the early days was placed, for the top of the bar has become the pulpit. The altar was constructed from other parts of the bar.

The church rests on a foundation of stone, heavy timbers and iron beams taken from both the dance hall and the brewery. The window sills and ledges were made from the heavy oak bottoms of huge beer vats.

The building occupies the site of the former brewery. The parsonage once was the office of the brewery and has been made into a modern cottage. It is planned to terrace the bluff and to build winding stairs from the elder's home to the house of worship, using as a hand-rail a coil formerly utilized in making beer.

The two steps that lead to the entrance of the tabernacle were formed of timbers taken from the dance hall. One of the boards carries a bullet fired from a ".45," evidence of one of the many shooting scrapes that enlivened the old resort. The church seats 700.

Among the Menangkabaus tribes of the west coast of Sumatra the husbands have no property, no homes, no rights in their children. They are only visitors in the houses of their wives. The woman owns the property and the line of descent is through the mother.

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 204 Davis Avenue, R-82, Bloomington, Ill., is so thankful at having cured herself that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget. —Advertisement.

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WOMEN'S CLUBS TO HELP GIRLS

Young People to Learn About Themselves and Homes.

The age of "wild oats," through which young America now is struggling, has determined the Salvation Army to make a gigantic and concentrated drive to keep boys and girls from going "to the dogs."

As a result of the social service data gathered from 22 eastern and southern states by leading Salvation army officers, Commander Thomas Estill has given orders that 514 women's clubs be organized under a new branch of the army to be known as the home league.

Units in Every City.

Units will be established in every city throughout the East and South where army corps are located, after the model unit already established by Captain Mrs. William Carter in Jacksonville, Fla. Colonel Mrs. Sidney Gauntlet, New York, will head the branch of the army's activities.

"It has surprised us to discover how many hundreds of young women are really in the 'dark age' as far as knowing anything about caring for themselves or their homes," Commander Estill declared.

"Throughout the crowded cities in the East and in the crowded communities of the South, we have found scores who are as ignorant of the fundamentals of home-making as semi-civilized people. Our women's clubs will attempt to show them how they should live, not only spiritually, but their actual, every day existence."

The "sowing of wild oats" was characterized by Commander Estill and the social workers as one of the great problems of the generation.

"These young people of high school age are beginning dangerously early to get on the wrong track," he asserted. "These boys standing around street corners and pool rooms, these young girls running around, are drifting away from religion.

Field for Work.

"They have nothing to do and their moral and ethical standards are threatened by the interests of a more exciting nature they are seeking out. There are some who know where the bootleggers are and who drink and boast of their conquest of girls.

"There is a virgin field for social work of the right kind, not sanctimonious preaching, but showing them the right way. The folly of youth today is in misdirected energy."

The Salvation Army has laid out a program of establishing boys' clubs which, it is thought, will give it a new path by which to reach these boys. Clubs have already been established in New York, Philadelphia, Newark, Washington and Cleveland, and others are contemplated for the near future.

Don't Neglect Pimples Use Cuticura Now

When the first signs of pimples appear anoint gently with Cuticura Ointment. After five minutes bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, best applied with the hands; continue bathing for some minutes. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment do much to keep your skin clear, and your scalp clean and free from dandruff.

Samples Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 22F, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Products Are Reliable.

SURGICAL KNIFE AIDS PARALYSIS

Sympathetic Nerve Stands Aside for Health's Advancement.

Astonishing results have been obtained by two young Sydney surgeons in the relief of rigid paralysis by means of the removal of the sympathetic nerve, it is announced.

The discoverers of the remedy are Dr. Boyle and Professor Hunter, Sydney university. The latter, at 25, probably is the youngest professor of anatomy in the world. They will explain the scientific details of their treatment during their forthcoming visit to the United States, at the invitation of Dr. Mayo, head of the Mayo clinic at Rochester, Minn.

Boyle explains that while the functions of one set of nerves and muscles are well known, the functions of the other sympathetic set are undefined.

Professor Hunter obtained the muscles of a python, in which the sympathetic muscles are clearly defined. They co-operated in experiments with animals suffering from complaints resembling paralysis, and they observed in each case that the removal of the sympathetic nerve caused a definite change in the action of the muscles, did not interfere with the animals' ability to control the limbs and did not affect the power of the muscles deprived of the sympathetic nerve supply.

Operations on human beings followed. One patient, unable to walk vertically or backward, was made to walk naturally 15 days after being operated upon and to descend and ascend stairs, after 24 days.

Other cases have shown astonishing results.

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We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1924

We ought to get a lot of peace out of the late war. We got a little of everything else.

Before the campaign is over Senator LaFollette's son may succeed in putting his father's foot in father's mouth.

Well, the Prince seems like one of our foreign relations now.

Lima Beane says the human stomach can never be used successfully as a catch-all.

Victor Berger probably has the former German Kaiser's proxy to vote for LaFollette.

George Bernard Shaw thinks it possible that he is insane, but seems half inclined to give himself the benefit of the doubt.

"Save the farmer," says the demagogue. What he means is: "Farmer, save me."

Granted that God made the world, he isn't going to let a lot of half-witted people spoil it.

Take it year after year not many prophecies of evil come true.

Ma Ferguson says she will be governor. That settles the question. She will not be governess.

It must make an Airedale laugh to see a woman stuffing one of those powder-puff dogs in a handbag.

Premier MacDonald has been given an endowed motor car, the endowment fund amounting to $150,000. Labor in England is coming into its own.

Straw votes are about as dependable as the wind.

Kentucky's legislature has passed an anti-gossip law. There goes more "personal liberty."

Not all the heroes get medals.

Probably the most undesirable task a husband is ever asked to perform is that of matching a ribbon for his wife.

Before the advent of the automobile people who drove fast knew where they were going.

Celery is all right if everybody around the table eats it at the same time.

Under the civil law the pedestrian doesn't have to jump out of the way of an auto. But under the law of self-preservation he will jump.

General Pershing has had as many splendid things said of him as a dead man gets.

They tell of a woman who confessed to nine husbands. But why did they put it that way? It seems more like a boast than a confession.

Electing John W. Davis president might spoil him for anything else.

Gladstone said of the United States constitution that it was "the most remarkable document ever struck forth at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." And it is still as good as new.

Lazy men are slow to anger. It's too much bother to "fly off the handle."

Put "big business" out of business and it will then be time to begin worrying about little business.

In a talking match a double chin is no help to a woman.

Wise old men used to shake their heads when some foolish optimist would suggest the possibility of a two-minute trotting horse. Now comes a mare that trots a mile in 1:59 in a race.

Heredity comes handy as an excuse for our shortcomings.

Too much salt is not good for one. There was Lot's wife, for example.

Jane Addams is going to support LaFollette. She probably likes the way he combs his hair.

It is because people won't behave that there are so many laws. They require rules of government, like children. And, like children, they violate the rules.

You may kid yourself, but you can't kid your conscience.

By the time slang phrases get into the dictionary they are out of style. Who remembers "I should smile"? It is not hard in these days, but it is in the dictionary.

Albert J. Beveridge says America has produced four great orators—Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips and Robert Ingersoll. We suppose there are others who will also be considered great after they have quit talking.

Sunday is as good as a week day to stop, look and listen.

Probably every girl who is in love with a man sees his little imperfections. But, of course, she expects to correct them after she marries him.

America has four million illiterates entitled to vote. Just how would a campaign orator go about it to "insult their intelligence," as the saying goes?

This well-known country of ours is in more danger from the inside than from the outside.

If the husband can forget the "obey" in the marriage ritual the wife will.

If the kingdom of heaven is within you the devil will stay on the other side of the street.

Alice Paul says, says she: "When the national equal rights amendment is passed a woman will no longer be compelled to sign her husband's name in order to draw her salary." Alice is that way. Mention "husband" and [illegible]

Who Lied, and When?

If Gaston B. Means lied in his testimony before the Wheeler investigating committee, why then, he is just as likely to be lying in repudiating his charges against the Daugherty administration of the department of justice.

It is left to the country to judge between the Gaston Means of a few months ago and the Gaston Means of today. Unfortunately, the nation will judge according to individual political biases. It will take some one far more disinterested than any politician could ever be to get at the right of the case.

The Wheeler investigation was carried on primarily for the discovery or the manufacture of campaign material. Everyone knows that unquestionably it was a field day for liars. The chairman of the committee exercised his extraordinary powers to make mountains out of molehills, to give a sinister twist to innocent evidence, to attempting to muddy the garments of presidents, dead and living. Because the investigation took on the character it did the Republican national committee was so ill advised as to borrow from Mr. Wheeler's code and obtain his indictment in Montana.

But for all the irregularities of the inquiry and the exercise provided for some of our medal perjurers, a certain amount of corruption was exposed. Little or big, it has not been explained away. Brought to the surface with the help of crooks, it yet pointed to practices the new head of the department of justice promptly set out to destroy. Mr. Daugherty can put his finger on a good deal of testimony which classifies as "frame-up." At the same time, it is clear enough that Mr. Coolidge acted with wisdom in calling for the resignation of the attorney general.

Politics has been guilty, on one side, of at least a certain amount of irresponsibility in office and, on the other side, of engaging in a rabid man hunt, determined less upon serving justice than upon getting a handful of victims for a lynching. The country would be foolish to consider the principals involved in the case, Wheeler or Daugherty, as patterns of virtue.

Both use the same agent, a glib adventurer if nothing worse, for their purpose.

The campaign presents enough real issues without casting one's vote with one's mind upon that fearful mixture of truths, half-truths, suspicions, charges and lies, known as the Wheeler investigation.

Gassing a Nation to Sleep

Probably nothing has ever been more useless than the attempt to outlaw gas warfare.

Here is a new weapon the militarists tested and developed competitively. It is a means by which a small army can hamper and check a big army, a means for deepening an attack so that it will involve troops and depots and baggage trains far behind the front lines, a way to fill civilians with dread so that their fears will react upon their own soldiery.

Governments with the military spirit will no more give up gas warfare, outlawed or not, than less aggressive governments will promise not to fight with gunpowder.

The study of gases that can be used in warfare goes on in every country with military establishments. Major General Squier of the United States signal corps announced at the meeting of the Franklin Institute the other day that methods were being worked out for putting a whole nation to sleep through the use of gases. These gases would be thrown into the enemy's lines with shells. They would be distributed with special apparatus representing great improvements upon that employed during the World war. Pilotless airplanes, controlled by radio, would take the gases inland and drop them upon the cities. This, says General Squier, might be done in forty-eight hours. So an army, if it were not put to sleep itself by counter-attack, would march into a land whose every inhabitant was as helpless as if anaestheticized upon an operating table. The assumption is that this gas, beyond producing sleep, is harmless.

Humanizing or civilizing war is a dream that must be abandoned. We can never hope again that the awfulness of war can be eased or broken or checked by specifying what weapons may be used and what ones must not be employed. A nation desperate enough to go to war is desperate enough to use whatever arm that comes to its hand. The perfecting of devices for wholesale slaughter promises more as a deterrent of war than all the protocols and treaties that could be signed.

Vote Slackers Rebuked

Kenesaw Mountain Landis, former federal judge and now the Mussolini of baseball, is the poorest straddler in the universe. He is always on one side of the fence or the other. A comfortable position on the top rail doesn't appeal to him. He couldn't hem and haw to save a leg.

What is this all about? The judge's speech before the American Legion national convention at St. Paul. He was talking about the matter of voting, when he boiled over. He wants voting considered as a duty, not as a privilege.

"Treat voting as a duty of the citizen, not his right. Fine him. Fine him. Don't disfranchise him. Fine him. How much? My notion has always been to fix it so he will feel it." Pretty strong, isn't it? There is more like it. "The first time he fails, fine him. For the second offense, in the absence of a good reason, don't send an automobile after him. Back 'Black Maria' up to his door and convey him to jail."

You will observe that the judge says "he." It is assumed that he includes "she."

It is not probable Judge Landis will live long enough to see men and women jailed for not voting. His ideas are a little too drastic for immediate adopton. Then there is the old question of freedom. A man of the law ought to know something about that. Still, if a man is free to vote is he not free to refrain from voting?

But perhaps the judge will have accomplished all he set out to do by his vigorous speech if he stirs lazy-minded men and women to a sense of their duty. Among some there is a languid disposition to dismiss the subject of voting with the yawn: "Ho, hum! What's the use?"

Points to World Peace

The "big twelve" of the assembly of the League of Nations have decided to recommend the calling of a great international conference on disarmament to meet at Geneva in June next year.

The League of Nations has been in existence about five years. The council, which is the executive part of the League, has had the power all this time to undertake the task of bringing about a reduction of armaments. But the council has been too timid to make a beginning at this work. For it has been dominated by the nations now spoken of as the "big twelve," each of which has had its reasons for maintaining armies or navies or air fleets of greater strength than those in existence before the war.

The present action of the "big twelve" indicates further that nations see no purpose in longer maintaining their large armaments or feel that pressure for peace which made itself openly manifest in the French elections. Whatever the cause, the decision of the "big twelve" is an exceedingly hopeful sign for the world. With hope settling down to orderly industry the rest of the globe must quickly get over its truculence. Even China and the Latin American states may be influenced by the European example and make a trial of peace as a substitute for domestic bloodletting.

The United States will, of course, be invited to join the conference at Geneva. There will be a great deal of opposition to our doing so because it will seem to be a lure for enticing us into the League of Nations. But the United States cannot afford to stay out of any bona fide disarmament conference to which it is invited, League or not, lure or no lure. We began these conferences. We set the style for them. We registered the first successes in persuading militaristic powers to be less militaristic. For us to stay out of the Geneva conference would be very small business and hurt us extremely in the common respect of mankind.

The United States in several instances has co-operated with the League of Nations, and is no nearer belonging to the League than it ever was. Her delegates can sit in at the 1925 conference and be as helpless to commit their country to the League as a lawyer would be to commit his client to measures and responsibilities the client flatly refuses to assume.

"There Is No Substitute"

Mr. Westerman, cartoonist of the Ohio State Journal, is the author of the title. He uses it over a picture of the world, which he has humanized with flabby cheeks, a big nose and a bald head.

Mr. Old World—he looks old enough to know better—seems to be suffering physical and mental pain. In the background of the picture is the sun, labeled, "Trouble." The rays of the sun are streaming down on poor Old World's bald pate. Agony is registered. High blood pressure is suggested. There is evident fear of apoplexy. On top of the old fellow's head, where the brain section is indicated, there rests a copy of the Holy Bible.

The Bible is there as a cure and a protection against trouble. But as usual the scoffer is near, and is saying to the patient: "It's the bunk, I tell you, the bunk!"

To this Mr. Old World closes his eyes, probably to shut out sight of the unbeliever, the quack, and makes reply: "Maybe! But for centuries it's the only thing that's done me any good."

There it is, a sermon in a picture, a cartoon.

"There is no substitute."

No substitutes for the Bible. Men have found in it alleged inaccuracies, some inconsistencies and a few contradictions. The quacks like to dwell on these. They overlook the pages where Jesus Christ has stamped the imprint of his sublime philosophy, the wisdom of divinity and the warmth of his great human love.

It is a pity Mr. Old World isn't as wise as Mr. Westerman has drawn him. Some day he may measure up to the artist's cartoon.

Farmers may not know that town people think of their welfare, but they do. When the town man discusses the weather with his neighbor the probable influence prevailing conditions will have on crops is nearly always included in the conversation.

Though loaded shotguns have been dragged through the fence successfully at times the custom would not be recommended by [illegible] companies.

LIFE AMONG THE MOROS

Customs of Users of Terrible Kris

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

Copyright, 1924, Carpenter's World Travels.

PUT on the thinking cap of your imagination, travel westward to Zamboanga, 10,000 to 12,000 miles, and sit down with me in the land of the Moros. I am in the capital of Mindanao, the island where most of them live; and I have visited many other parts of our Mohammedan land. As I write the face of old Datto Damakute looks in at the window. He belongs to one of the tribes about Lake Lanao and is a type of one clan. Let me give you a picture of him as he watches my typewriter. His big head is as brown as the skin of a well smoked fat ham. His nose is the size of the fist of a baby, and his black eyes pierce my soul. His mouth is of cavernous proportions and it is filled with teeth of black varnish. Little streams of blood-red saliva are trickling down the side of his chin, which is partly covered by a coarse black beard that looks like a shaving brush, and his black oily hair hangs down from his red silk turban touching his black satin clad shoulders. His shirt fits tight. It is fastened with buttons of gold as big as an old copper cent, and his snug silk trousers wrinkle a bit as they fall to his ankles. He has a gorgeous green sash round his waist, and a knife about two feet long in a sheath of bamboo hangs from his left hip. There are other Moros from the same region standing beside him. During my stay on these islands I have met men from a score or more tribes.

What Moro Means.

Yes, a score. We have here in this part of the Philippine Islands several times as many tribes as the children of Israel which were 12 when King Solomon died and 10 after the revolution headed by Jeroboam, the man who sacrificed the two golden calves. Each of the Moro tribes has its own customs and language, and I venture Damakute could not make himself understood by the Moros of Sulu, Cotabato, or far-off Palawan. The word Moro, corresponds somewhat to Mohammedan. There are nearly as many tribes of Moros as of American Indians, and although all are of Malay origin with a strain of Hindu and aboriginal blood, they are all different one from the other. The Moros are practically of the same race as the Christian Filipinos of the north, being the product of the various migrations that came here from Borneo, Java and Malaysia, ages ago. It is their common religion that holds them together, but each claims its own ancestral tree and that Datto looking in at the window probably has a genealogy longer than any in the public library at Boston.

The Mohammedan Noah.

It is strange how the old traditions of the people of the Philippines tramp on the heels of the Scriptures and the Arabian Nights. According to Dr. Najeeb M. Saleeby, the chief Arabic scholar of this part of the world, the word Mindanao means inundated, and indicates a tradition that reminds one of Noah. According to documents which the learned doctor has translated, there was a time when nothing could be seen of this island but the tops of its mountains, and the people had sought refuge there when three or four terrible monsters appeared devouring every human being who came within reach. One of the animals was Kurita whose horrid legs numbered more than those of the octopus. His home was Mt. Kabalalan and he had destroyed all the people about it. The second was the terrible giant Tarabusaw, and the third was a bird many times as big as the roc of Sinbad the Sailor. The bird's name was Pah. She was so large that when she spread out her wings she covered the sun and made the earth dark, and the eggs she laid were each as large as a house. Pah also ate human beings and only those who escaped to the caves were saved. She lived on Mt. Bita.

These monsters were ruining Mindanao and the tale of their woes spread about over the world. These stories were heard by two rajahs, Indaraputra and Sulayman, who lived in far-away islands. One of these, Rajah Sulayman, took the part of Theseus who slew the terrible Minotaur who devoured the maidens of Crete. He had the advantage of the Greek hero in that he seems to have used an airplane. He flew to Mindanao, landed on Mt. Kabalalan, and cut the monster Kurita to pieces. After that he attacked Tarabusaw and killed him and then went on to Mt. Bita. As he dropped down on the mountain there seemed to be an eclipse of the sun. He looked up and in the dim light saw a huge bird descending. This was Pah. Sulayman drew his sword, and was able to cut off one wing. The huge bird fell dead, but the wing was so heavy that when it dropped on Sulayman it killed him. Then the other, Rajah Indaraptura, took his airplane and went to look up his brother Sulayman. He brought him back to life by pouring some heavenly water over his bones and together the two cleaned up the islands. The Moros now believe these rajahs to be the ancestors of most of their people, some of whose genealogies date almost back to Adam.

I first came into contact with the Moros when our soldiers took possession of this part of the Philippines, and visited Zamboanga as a war correspondent, having come south from Manila on a transport loaded with mules for the army. At that time the Moros were going about with long krises attached to their waists, and every boy had his knife. I found the same in Cotabato, in Parang-Parang where I met the Sultan of Magindanao, and also in the Sulu Archipelago.

The Terrible Kris.

These krises were so sharp that I was able to shave the hairs from the back of my hand with any of them. They had blades that wound in and out like a snake and which were used, I am told for disemboweling their enemies. The high officials among them had slaves who carried campilans with wide blades a yard long which were chiefly used for beheading. Datto Mandi showed me some striking kris work and I was told that he could cleave a man from the crown to the waist with one stroke. A favorite cut was down through the shoulder cutting off the head, neck and one-half of the chest including one arm. The old Moros sometimes hamstrung their victims, and their common method of executions was to tie a man's hands behind him and to behead him with one blow of the knife. A person so killed was often chopped into mincemeat by the men and boys who wanted to try their knives on human flesh. While I was at Zamboanga the story came there about a prince of Basilan over the way. He had ordered six men to be killed and after the execution chopped into one of the bodies with his barong, saying to some of our soldiers who were looking on: "I do that merely to try my knife."

The American army officers warned me to be careful in going about, but I had no trouble whatever when I went to the nearby villages of Datto Mandi. I called upon the datto and interviewed him and was even able to photograph his favorite wife. Now that I am back here again I have met his daughter, a charming woman of 20 or so who speaks Moro, English and Spanish. She has married an American merchant. I am told that Mandi's son, the present datto, is running a plantation near by. There is a girls' school in his village and anyone may go about there without danger. Datto Mandi was a great friend of the United States. He had 7,000 men with him and was ready to put these at the service of the Americans in case of need.

With the Sultan of Magindanao.

One of the big Moros of the present time is the Sultan of Magindanao who lives half way between the province of Zamboanga and Cotabato. During my stay at Parang-Parang years ago I met him and photographed the women of his establishment. At that time polygamy was more commonly practiced than it is now. Datto Mandi had several wives and numerous slaves. Datto Utto had one wife and 60 concubines, and the old Datto Pianga, who is still living, had ladies galore. When I met the Sultan of Sulu the other day he told me that he now had three wives and 16 concubines. I am told he takes on a new girl of 18 every year.

When I met the Sultan of Magindanao his chief officials were with him. They were dressed in all colors with turbans of red, brown and yellow, and jackets and trousers of variegated hues. They all carried spears and krises. There were three slaves who held silk umbrellas, trimmed with silver thread, over the head of His Majesty. He had a betel slave who gave him a chew from time to time. He was a lean little fellow with a low forehead, straight nose and hollow cheeks. His black jacket of homespun silk was fastened with gold buttons and his tight yellow trousers were upheld by a wide belt with a silver buckle as big as a flat iron.

Photographing a Harem.

His Majesty had his harem with him and I ventured to ask if I might make a photograph. His Majesty consented, and a little later a dozen of his women came out of the huts and stood under umbrellas before the camera, while Colonel Webb Hayes, the son of our former president of the United States, snapped the button. Most of these women were lightly clad. They had gay colored skirts, in the form of a bag open at both ends, fastened by a twist at the breast. The cloth was tight under the armpits and it fell to the ankles. Now and then when one of the ladies gave her clothing a twitch I trembled less it might fall to the ground.

The sultan's chief wife weighed about 300 pounds. She was as broad as she was long and so fat that she waddled. Beside her was a younger wife, a girl of 15, with a wealth of black hair and a face that would have been pretty had it not been for her jet black teeth and the betel stain on her lips. She wore a dress of red and gold stripes over which was a jacket of green silk. The old dame, who might be called the sultana, had a slave upholding a betel spittoon of solid silver. She used this now and then while we were posing the picture.

Some More Characteristics.

These are a few of the highlights of the picture in Mindanao when we took possession and began the work of subduing the Mohammedans. They are a peculiar people and it is doubtful whether they would have given up their arms had they not had faith in our promises. Like all Mohammedans, they do not seem to fear death, and in the present situation they will allow themselves to be killed rather than to submit to what they feel to be wrong. In fact, I am told they are doing this now in come cases, fighting the constabulary at long odds until killed. They go something on the principle of the old juramentado, which prevailed to such an extent in the past, and sporadic instances of which are common today. Even now a bell is rung in Jolo to warn the people against each new juramentado.

The juramentado is a Moro fanatic who starts out vowing that he will kill everyone he meets until he himself is killed. He may wish to commit suicide and uses this way to accomplish it. According to his religion, if he can kill a Christian he will go straight to heaven, and his victims will be compelled to serve him as slaves. The more Christians he kills the higher will be his place on the steps of the throne. When a man feels called upon to become a juramentado, he announces the fact to the people. He is like a rattlesnake in that he gives warning before he strikes. He goes to a priest and takes an oath that he will die killing the ungodly. He then has his eyebrows shaved, takes a bath, and puts on his best clothes. He is usually clad all in white and his wife makes the gown, sewing it up stitch by stitch, knowing all the time that it will be her husband's shroud. The man then arms himself with one of these terrible bolos or krises and starts out to kill every Christian he meets until he himself is killed. As he goes on his path of death he often grows so crazy that he disregards the religious character of his victims and kills everyone that comes in his way, endeavoring to add another and still another to his list. Cases are cited where a juramentado chased by a soldier with a gun and bayonet has turned and seizing the bayonet has forced it into his body that he might thus get close to and kill the man at the other end of the gun.

Americans Like Boxes of Matches.

When General Bates was here he guarded against the juramentados killing the Americans by telling the sultan and dattos that in such cases the priest who gave the oath to such a fanatic and everyone else who had a hand in the crime should be executed. This made such an impression on the Sultan of Sulu that he sent out a proclamation telling his people that they must not kill Americans, because, he said, they are like a bunch of matches in that if you light one all the others will go off. Besides, he added, "there is really no reason why Mohammedans should kill Americans because they are not Christians."

This disregard of death is such that some of the officers here tell me that in case of a desperate war between the Filipinos and Mohammedans, where the latter realize that for lack of arms they cannot succeed, they will dress themselves in white and rush on to their fate regardless of consequences. It is generally conceded that such a war would mean the total extinction of the Moros.

In Zamboanga.

I find Moroland rapidly changing. Settlements are springing up at some of the chief harbors and the old towns are growing. Zamboanga has now about 25,000 people. It is more than 10 times as large as it was when we took possession of the islands and it is now one of the most beautiful little cities of the tropics, with up-to-date features that would be a surprise in America. The town is in the midst of a cocoanut forest, the lowlands above and below it are covered with palms, and tall banana plants rustle their leaves as you walk through the streets. Many of the houses are hidden in flowers. Midway through the city runs a canal with water like crystal and there are several plazas of green full of gorgeous vegetation in which fountains play. In several of the fountains are grottos decorated with ferns and other plants which grow only near the equator, and here and there among them in the midst of the pods are incandescent light globes which tint the spurting waters a half dozen different colors. On one side of Pershing Plaza the water drops from pool to pool and in the pools are great balls of these burning gold globes about which at night the silvery fish may be seen swimming.

A Municipal Swimming Pool.

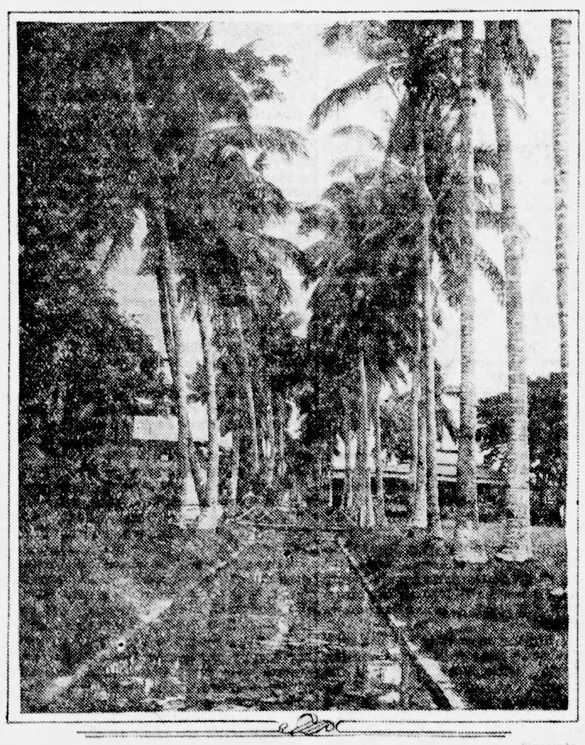
The water for Zamboanga comes from high up in the slopes of the mountains where there is a swimming pool fed by a mountain torrent that foams and splashes as it dashes down over the rocks. The waters seem to be fighting to get to the pool, but once there they are quiet, although further down they go on in great falls and lose themselves in green ponds on which float water plants with leaves as big around as a wagon wheel and a rim as high as the width of a steel tire. The swimming pool is dark green and is bordered with green hills whose flowers mirror themselves in the surface. Around the edges of the water are walls of fern as high as my knee, and in the center of the pool is a diving raft of dark red. The pool is perhaps 30 feet wide and 50 feet long.

The torrent runs an hydro-electric plant. The water goes first into a reservoir, and then falls from a tower perhaps 50 feet high through a huge concrete pipe twice as big around as a hogshead which carries it to the turbines among the cocoanut trees 150 feet below. It is this water that gives the city its lights.

Zamboanga has streets as smooth as a floor, and concrete sidewalks. The grounds of the military post form one of the most beautiful parks of the Orient, and altogether I know of no more charming little municipality in the tropical world. Moreover, the climate is delightful. The sun is strong at midday, but the thermometer does not go as high as is common in the states, and the nights are comparatively cool. I always have to put on an extra cover towards morning.

There are good sized towns growing up in the Cotobato province, and at the head of the Gulf of Davao there is a city of 8,000 or 10,000 which has a large population of Japanese, Chinese and Christian Filipinos, some of whom have become rich from the great hemp plantations which have grown up on the rich lands lining the gulf.

Tropical Park in Philippines



ONE of the most beautiful places in the Philippines is Zamboanga, with its tropical lily ponds and its palm-shaded parks and drives. [illegible] Travels.

ABE MARTIN

Th' loser of a mesh bag containin' a recipe for elderberry wine, seven telephone numbers, a lipstick, an' a pair o' horse clippers, kin have th' same by callin' on Lib Pash an' payin' fer havin' th' clippers sharpened.

We've allus noticed that th' feller who knows all about th' glorious business o' farmin' is runnin' fer office.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Fine Raiment

GAFFER DOODLE'S looking seedy as he treads the pavingstones; you might think him poor and needy, but he has all kinds of bones. With his assets he is weighted, he is not an also-ran; he has rubles kegged and crated, he has kopecks in a can. Yet he's always looking dingy, and his neighbors sadly say: "Gaffer Doodle is too stingy to appear in brave array. He might be, in fine apparel, quite a credit to the town, but in firkin, tub and barrel he salts his money down. And the strangers in our city, who are looking at the sights, say, 'It seems a beastly pity you've so many hard-up wights. Yonder graybeard needs the boodle that would buy a suit of clothes,' and they point to Gaffer Doodle, as in rusty duds he goes. Oh, it is a public duty for a money-laden man to become a thing of beauty, or as near it as he can. But the gaffer buys a kelly for six bits, or ten cents more, hunts for clothing old and smelly in the cast-off garments store; yea, the way the old man dresses makes the village boosters writhe, and he trims his beard and tresses with a sickle or a scythe." Gaffer Doodle mutters proudly, "I've been humble since my birth; man does not, by dressing loudly, prove he's fixed with sterling worth. Men may scoff, but I can bear it, for their jeers I care no hoot; for a man of worth and merit needs no hundred-dollar suit."

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Jim Johnson

Jim Johnson wasn't much to see,
No swell aristocrat was he.
No stylish clothes he wore;
He never owned a pair of spats,
He had no use for high silk hats
Or butlers at his door;
A suit someone might give to him
Was plenty good enough for Jim.

Jim Johnson was no learned man,
His grammar never smoothly ran,
His "did" was always "done,"
You'd say: "I saw;" he'd say, "I seen."
I think you gather what I mean,
He was no polished son.
He fished and hunted all year through
And made his living by it, too.

That power divine which shapes our ends
In curious ways provides us friends,
And so it was with Jim;
Each summer to his village came,
Great men of wealth and worldly fame,
To hunt and fish with him,
And they would sit the whole night through
To hear him tell them what he knew.

Jim knew the stars, the birds, the trees,
The habits of the honey bees,
And all of nature's lore;
He knew a thousand secrets hid
From men who always say: "I did."
And here is something more:
These polished sons of life rejoiced
To hear the stories that he voiced.

They loved him. Underneath the rough
Exterior and his manner gruff
They saw the soul of him.
Nature had taught him all he knew,
And spite of flaws which critics view,
Had made a man of Jim.
The man who knows what you don't know
Always has something to bestow.

(© 1924 Edgar A. Guest)

Many Hairnets Sold Despite Bobbed Vogue

Despite bobbed hair vogue, hairnets are being sold to the American public at the rate of 1,513,000,000 annually, according to figures presented to the convention of Retail Druggists in session in Washington.

Annual sales in other leading "aids to beauty" articles are 55,047,000 parcels of cold cream; 240,902,000 boxes of talcum and face powders, and 17,856,000 packages of rouge.

VARIETIES

Bulgaria is a large tobacco producer.

The world spends $200,000,000 a year for matches.

A normal, healthy person breathes 20 times each minute.

The ocean bottom is thought to be made of abnormally dense rock.

The place with the shortest name is in the British Isles, Oa, in Scotland.

About 40,500 elk are now in the national forest reserves of the country.

The blue fox has been successfully raised on the Pribilof islands for 50 years.

An organ in the Philippine Islands has furnished music for more than 100 years.

Britain's war widows have been decreased by 90,000, who have married again.

Cleveland is the largest city in the world using the city manager plan of government.

Of 113 burglary defendants in England and Wales in 1922, 105 were convicted.

Alligators are one of the principal enemies of water birds in southern game preserves.

The far east is the principal foreign purchaser of playing cards in the United States.

Penguins alone of all feathered creatures, walk about upright on land, as man does.

When Lincoln became president there were only 30,625 miles of railway in the United States.

The area of the Sahara desert is larger than the United States by nearly 500,000 square miles.

Fireplaces almost identical in structure with those of modern date have been found in Pompeii.

The Italian government has purchased the tomb of Virgil, to be preserved as a national monument.

According to an old weather superstition rain is foretold by the appearance and activity of snakes.

An instrument recently patented measures the number of board feet of lumber in a standing tree, with a fair degree of accuracy.

The administration of small doses of codliver oil to cows is recommended as a means for raising the vitamine content of milk.

A recent book on the iron ore resources of China was written in English by a Swedish author and produced by Chinese printers.

Some plants contain a substance which regulates their use of sugar in much the same way as insulin does in man and higher animals.

The copper roof of Christ church in Philadelphia was laid in 1754 and is still in perfect condition, although never painted nor repaired.

Burglars entered the sample room of a North Bay (Ontario) hotel and stole 40 shoes, evendently not realizing that they were all for the right foot.

It is estimated that in the cotton mills of China 40 per cent of the workers are women, 40 per cent are children and only 20 per cent are men.

Jupiter's diameter is about 10 times that of our earth, but so quickly does it spin that a day there lasts only nine hours and 50 minutes.

The ancient Romans harbored a certain religious prejudice against iron, and in many ceremonies the use of the metal was entirely prohibited.

The native population of South Africa, which already outnumbers the whites by three to one, is growing at a much more rapid proportionate rate.

Joseph H. Noyes, a veteran soldier of South Paris, Me., reports that he reared seven daughters, has seven granddaughters and seven great granddaughters.

The first steps are now being taken toward the establishment of the government airship service that will bring Britain within four days journey of India.

Four year records prove that missouri farm women put in necessary household duties about one and a half hours more a day than the hired men do.

There was a Methodist church for sale across the street from the home of Dr. G. C. Harris at Courtney, Tex. He bought it and now he does not know what to do with it.

In Quebec, Canada's oldest city, taxicabs have just made their first appearance, taking the place of the quaint horse vehicle called the caleche, so familiar to tourists.

The United States navy has a colored band stationed in the Virgin islands, the latest possession of the United States. All members of the band are native to the islands.

When the herring fishing proved a comparative failure in the Shetland islands, the women turned to making handknit woolen goods which sell readily for high prices.

Sweden's timber and lumber production, though enormous, is limited to slightly less than the annual increase of forest through natural growth and compulsory replanting.

Egypt's largest pyramid, that of Cheops, of the Giza group, contains 89,000,000 cubic feet of masonry, and the total weight of the stones has been estimated at more than 6,000,000 tons.

The United States fisheries service is studying the migrations of fish by means of numbered tags fastened to their tails, much after the manner of bands fastened to the legs of migratory birds.

The United States government has already set aside 30 national monuments to preserve historic landmarks, prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest.

A dealer in Salem, N. C., advertises his automobiles at 33 1-3 cents a pound, setting forth the weight of the car and comparing the price with that of a pound of everyday necessities of life.

Nineteen power projects are possible on the Arkansas river in Colorado, with a total potential power of 44,000-horsepower for 50 per cent of the time and 29,000-horsepower for 90 per cent of the time.

Although Sheldon Laughlin is only 31 years old, he has received from the Canadian department of militia and defense a medal for long and meritorious service, for he has been a soldier for the last 20 years, starting as a bugler at the age of 11.

Tests by the United States bureau of standards have shown that almost all waters, muds, slimes, etc., are weakly radio-active and that the mere possession of radio-active qualities can therefore not be accepted as an indication of therapeutic value.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

MAY'S GAMBLE

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

Every married woman is a gambler. She has to be or she wouldn't be married. She is not a gambler because she plays cards for money or bets on horse races, for every married woman doesn't do these things. But she is a gambler just the same. She may not have money in the pot at the gaming table nor the bookmaker's hands at the races, but she is a gambler.

Every married woman is a gambler because she has taken a chance. She may have taken many chances in her life but the biggest one is the one she takes when she promises to be the wife of some man. She gambles not with money but with her whole life, her future. Will she win or lose? She doesn't know when she takes the chance. She may think she knows but in reality she knows nothing about it. Only time reveals whether she has won or lost.

Some women don't realize that they are gamblers when they marry and others do. May Logan, pretty May with the dark hair and flashing eyes, belonged to the latter class. May wasn't married but she was willing to be. She was willing but she was afraid for she knew the stakes were future life and her happiness. Still she figured she would have to take a chance some day and hoped it would turn out a lucky chance.

May's situation was rather peculiar. She really had two chances to gamble with her life and happiness and did not know which way to bet. One bet might win for her and the other might lose. Both might be winning bets and both might be losing ones. It was difficult for her to decide and most of her waking hours were spent in thinking of her problem.

Her mind was fastened on it as she stood peering into the display window of one the city's smartest women apparel shops. Behind the plate glass bathed in soft lights was a dazzling creation of delicate fabric in wonderful tints hung gracefully over a standard. It was an evening gown. Her dark eyes gleaming in the splendor and her mind dwelt on her problem. The gown typified luxury and riches.

A limousine slipped up to the curb and a fashionably clothed young woman alighted and disappeared into the store. May still dreamed and admired. Soon the woman returned and again entered the machine which the colored chauffeur drove away. The limousine signified luxury and riches. So did the woman within it and the chauffeur who drove it. They signified luxury and riches the same as the gown in the window.

The gown and the limousine made May think harder ever of her problem that night as she prepared for bed for the night. She knew she must gamble but she didn't know how or why to gamble. There was Arthur Sears, rich and handsome. He had asked her to be his wife. That was one chance. Then there was Tom Evans, poor and handsome, who told her he loved her. That was the other chance.

She could marry Arthur and there would be many gowns such as the one she had seen in the display window. There would be a limousine and chauffeur to whisk her wherever she willed. There would be a fine country villa with beautiful shrubbery around it and wonderful furniture within it and servants to do her bidding. Were they worth gambling for compared to her happiness, the happiness she must put up if she took the chance?

Then there was Tom Evans. She could marry him. There would be no extravagant gowns but only a simple wardrobe in which house dresses would predominate. There might be a flivver but she would have to drive it herself if Tom were too busy. There would be a home but it would be a simple house containing no servants.

She might win happiness with either chance or both. She didn't know. She had no way to know. Arthur acted as if he really loved her but so did Tom. If she took Tom her friends would think she married for love alone because that was about all Tom had to offer. If she accepted Arthur they might think she married for money because he had that to offer besides his professed love. It was a gamble either way.

May was frantic. She did not know the answer to her problem. She liked both men, liked them enough to marry either. May found it easy to like people and it didn't seem strange to her that she couldn't show preference for either Tom or Arthur.

Both wanted to marry her and were waiting for May's answer. And May found it difficult to give her answer. One must be accepted and the other turned down, but which one to accept she could not decide. She knew she was taking a chance whichever way she decided and what she was trying to do was to determine which was the best chance, which would be the winning gamble that would award her with life happiness.

She could marry Arthur and have everything, but would Arthur continue to love her? Maybe some day he would grow tired and there might be another woman who would enter his life. Rich men were the prey of women. Maybe his fortune would disappear. Would that ruin her happiness?

On the other hand Tom might not love her always. Would his love hold true even though sickness and accident place them in debt? Would he ever amount to much in this world or would he be a failure? Does love always leave a rich man's house and stay in that of a poor man? She didn't know and she had no way to find out.

Suddenly a solution became apparent in May's mind. It was the only way, she thought. She would try it. Whatever she did it was a gamble and she might as well make it a gamble all the way around. May's idea was simple. She would go on about her business and the first one of the two young suitors who asked her she would accept. Then it would be easy to tell the other he had lost. Everything would be easy and the big chance would be taken. Besides it wouldn't be her fault if she lost because she could blame it all on luck.

Yes, Arthur Sears, the rich man, became her husband. He saw her first. Unwilling to wait any longer for his answer and impatient to know his fate, Arthur had burst in unexpectedly the following night. Poor Tom Evans was out of luck.

May could now have her gowns and limousine and wonderful home. Arthur made a wonderful husband, too, his manner being so gentle and his words so kind. She was glad and remembered that at times Tom Evans had appeared grouchy and narrow-minded about some things. All thoughts of Tom fled from her mind and May was happy.

The years passed. No, May Sears is not divorced. She is a happy wife and the mother of three fine children. Her husband has more money than ever. On the other hand, Tom Evans is a failure. He goes from one job to the other. He is a success at none. Of course he might have been different if May had taken him, but no one knows whether he would.

May gambled and won. She proved herself a good gambler.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

ESCAPE FROM LIGHTNING.

Well, cousins, here I come again, I hope I will find a warm welcome, provided the waste basket is on its vacation.

How many of you have had lightning strike close to you? It recently struck as close to me as I ever care. I was looking out through a window of my home during the storm. All of a sudden I saw a streak of fire come towards the house and an explosion as loud as a cannon. A ball of fire hit the bottom of a large maple tree about 25 feet from the window. It shook the house and smoke soon came from the tree where the bolt struck. At the same time, it struck a swing that was chained to the tree and welded the iron chain to the swing and the links looked as though they were riveted together.

It ran through the grass in four directions, burned the grass, ran into one of the rooms of the house and knocked a gas mantle off. There were also some dahlia plants by the window and the leaves on them were burnt. It gave me an awful queer sensation for a little bit. Who wouldn't feel odd to see a ball of fire strike outside their window and hear such an awful explosion. Anyhow, its all over with and I don't care to experience another occasion similar to it.

Someone asked for the oldtimers to return to this page. Well, I've been writing for it over two years and feel like I had made a good many friends among all of you. Some often change their signatures, but I've always used the same one. Guess I've stayed long enough, so will take my departure. Here's hoping to meet you all again before long. If you cousins are taking your vacations through West Virginia, just remember its the land of—Don Quixote.

IN COPPER COUNTRY.

Dixie Moonbeam and Miss Farmerette, it looks as if you might break your silence if you make noise enough. Take a crowbar. It's all right in a case of this kind.

Iva Dotson, I can guess your riddle because I've been trying to get up the hills and down the pills for some time. Whispering Wind, I make a bow to you. Your description is perfect. There is nothing more beautiful than a moonbeam down the Dixie line. I just returned from looking at the moonbeams across the Blue Ridge mountains in North Carolina.

Four miles from our farm is located the third largest copper mine in the world. An Indian describes the country near it in this way: "No trees, no grass, hill copper."

Copperhill is a little mining town about three miles from the North Carolina line. Our farm is a beautiful spot untouched by the fumes from the plant. These fumes are so utilized that vegetation is growing again. We have 400 budded peach trees in bearing which testify to the fact. The quietness of the beautiful hills sometimes gives us a feeling of loneliness but is fascinating to the eye and never tiresome.

Come over and see us some time. Or if you cannot come, just write. —Mrs. J. E. C. of N. C.

VACATION VIA BOOKS.

Of course I had to respond to Aunt Martha's appeal for more letters. How time does fly anyway! It's nearly a year since I wrote before and I haven't been on a vacation either. I thoroughly believe in vacations of one kind or another. Most people like to get away from home for a short time at least, and usually return more satisfied with life.

For those busy mothers who are kept at home by pressure of work, I would suggest a "traveling" vacation at home. Surely one or two hours could be set aside each afternoon for a week for the pleasure of the mothers. Let her have a swing or hammock placed in a convenient and shady spot where she can be undisturbed, with books from a library. Let her revel in descriptions of travels through other lands. Perhaps she has books in her own library that she has been saving to read when she has time.

Mother may say it is impossible for her to do this, but if the rest of the family lend a hand she will indulge, I am sure. Let me whisper a secret. I'll wager that she will come back from her "trip" and have some wonderful stories to tell the rest of the family.

I wonder if we realize that the things we think we can afford are largely a matter of taste and inclination. Many say, "Oh, I couldn't afford to take an expensive magazine." Yet the same people spend many dollars a year for unwholesome reading matter. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but I've noticed the people who really want the good and best things in life save toward that end.

It's mainly in a purpose and a determination that the worthwhile things are accomplished, so "Hitch your wagon to a star" and do not be satisfied until you come at least within speaking distance of that star. By the way, cousins, don't forget to vote this fall. Anyone who reads can vote intelligently. I must quit my preachig now or I'll think I'm back in a school room. I'll now wind up the cat, put out the clock and say good night.—Ruby of Michigan.

Child-birth

Good news for Expectant Mothers

WHEN the little one arrives you can have that moment freer from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the *great rubbing preparation* called "Mother's Friend."

Results from the use of "Mother's Friend" are proven by many startling letters of testimony from happy users. "I can almost say my baby *was born without pain*," writes a young mother who had used "Mother's Friend."

"Mother's Friend" is applied externally. It has been used by three generations of expectant mothers. Start using it today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., B-A 18, Atlanta, Ga., for the valuable book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all good drug stores.

Women to Get Out Vote

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

THE board of the National League of Women Voters are preparing to flood the country with millions of "Vote" posters like those they are showing, for the league "Get-Out-And-Vote" campaign. The women are, left to right, Miss Ruth Morgan, New York; Miss Julia Lathrop, Chicago; Miss Belle Sherwin, Cleveland; Miss Minnie F. Cunningham, Texas; Miss Elizabeth Houser, Girard, O.; Miss Katherine Ludington, Lyme, Conn.

Mixing With Martha

Lemon Custard Pie.

Three tablespoons lemon juice, one-third cup sugar, pinch salt, one teaspoon grated lemon rind, two eggs, two cups milk. Line deep pie plates with good pie crust; pour in the custard mixture and bake until set. If baked too long it will curdle and the eggs separate. Always try a custard pie or pudding with a silver knife. If the knife is dry after testing the custard is done.

Custard: Beat the eggs, milk, sugar, salt and mix together; then add the lemon juice and rind and pour into crust.

Meat Pie.

Cut in pieces enough left-over pot roast from dinner. Half fill baking dish with the meat and gravy, well seasoned. Noodles may be used or added to cream soup. Cover with small baking powder biscuit and bake at 450 degrees F., 15 to 20 minutes.

Rhubarb Pudding.

Cut rhubarb pretty fine; put in deep pie plate and sprinkle sugar over it. Make dough as for cream of tartar biscuits. Spread it over the rhubarb and bake till done. Turn out on a platter upside down so that rhubarb will be on top. Serve with sugar and cream.

Cream Cucumber Sauce.

Beat one-half cup cream until stiff, add one-quarter teaspoon salt, a few grains of pepper and gradually add two tablespoons vinegar. Then fold in one fresh young cucumber, finely chopped and drained.

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins—Since we got back from our vacation it's hard to find something to write about to you cousins 'cause there ain't nothing much what can happen unless you're doing something that you don't do every day like taking a vacation. Maybe I never told you about the dogs which our next door neighbor has got.

They got two dogs or they call them dogs. But neither one is like the dog which the Riley's, which lived next door to our old house, had. Papa says a thing isn't always what it is called and I guess he meant those dogs. One of them isn't half bad as a dog but the other one is fiercer. Papa says the dogs are like Mamma's family because they are always yelping and causing trouble.

One of the dogs is called Buster I guess cause he's always busting out barking if you want to call it barking. I call it yowling. He is 15 or 20 years old. I don't know which, but it doesn't make much difference when you get that old. He has rheumatism, asthma, a headache and I guess a bad taste in his mouth. He rules the neighbor's family like he was a rod of iron. When he's in and wants out he yowls and yowls and when he's out and wants in he does the same thing. If he was my dog I'd let him out and forget to leave him in the house again.

When the neighbors are home with their dogs the old one hollers like a lost dog when his mistress peels potatoes and he's hungry. When they go away and leave the dogs at home the dogs yowl because they're not going to get a ride in the auto. While they are gone they yowl every 15 minutes for nothing. I know one day Mamma said dinner would be ready in 15 minutes and when she said it the dogs yowled next door. I guess they heard her. Anyway Papa was reading and said when they yowled again that 15 minutes was up. He didn't need no clock but Mamma says she'd rather have a clock than those dogs.

Our neighbors know they yowl like that cause they hear them too, even if they are their own dogs. They told us the dogs was intelligent and Papa said if intelligence was measured by the throat then they was the most intelligent dogs he ever heard. Papa said his only hope is that the old dog is about ready to die.—Jimmy.

BOYS AND GIRLS

AN INDIAN LEGEND

I have knocked before, but you were all talking so loudly you did not hear me and before anyone came to let me in, Mr. W. B. got me. Why doesn't someone from New York write? I live in a village in the foothills of the Catskill mountains. It is called Jefferson and was founded in 1803 during the administration of Thomas Jefferson.

The county is noted for its Indian wars and massacres. In a nearby town there is a large stone fort built to protect the settlers and their families from Indian attacks. It is now used as a historical museum.

There is a beautiful legend of Mount Utsayantha, near my home. An Indian maiden named Utsayantha married a settler, much against the wishes of her father. To obtain revenge he took her child to the middle of a lake and drowned it. When Utsayantha saw what he had done she plunged into the lake to die with her child. Her father, saddened because of what he had done, carried her far up the mountainside and buried her and the mountain now bears her name.—Utsayantha.

SENDS A JOKE

May I have a shady corner where I can sit and chat? How many of you boys and girls are glad when it is summer? I am, even though some of the days are very hot. I like to pick cherries and love the beautiful flowers that bloom in the summer. I think June is one of the most wonderful months of the year. I saw about 60 bird nests during the spring and summer.

I believe in getting an education if possible. With an education you can get along in the world so much better. I am trying to get a good education and want to be a school teacher some time.

Sweetie of Ill., your ideas for a future home suit me fine. I would like a place similar to the one Harvester had. I would prefer having a nice home in the country than living in the city.

Wedding Bell, I am in the eighth grade and never received a whipping. You see, I have beaten you. As soon as I spring a joke I will go before Aunt Martha has to chase me away. Here is the joke:

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day, when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called, "Are you dead or alive, Mike?"

"O'im alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure, you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to belave yez or not."

"Well, then, I must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor alive."—Redbird of W. Va.

NEW SUGGESTION.

This is my third attempt to get on this page. The other times I landed in the waste basket. I hope W. B. will have indigestion this time. I have been a reader of this paper for the last three years. When I get it I always turn to this page first.

How many of you cousins like to read good books? Reading is one of my favorite pastimes. My favorite authors are Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, J. O. Curwood and Gene Stratton Porter.

Let the poor little flapper rest for a while and discuss something else. I think life work would be a good topic.—W. I. T. of W. Va.

WOULD TAX TABBIES

Here I am again after an extended absence which perhaps wasn't noticed. I want to tell you something about the city of Dansville, N. Y., which is four and one-half miles from my home.

There is much beautiful scenery in and around the place, which makes the institution I am telling about well located. This institution is a hotel and health resort which has been in existence since 1858, and is quite famous. At one time it was taken over by the government and used for disabled soldiers, but since they left it has been remodeled. A hospital is to be organized and conducted in conjunction with the hotel and health resort.

Another thing Dansville is noted for is its nurseries, which have a record for producing healthy trees. The nurseries are extensive, one having as much as 400 acres in it.

What do the cousins think of having cats taxed as well as dogs? It seems to me that there ought to be a law to limit the number of cats on a farm, as they kill so many birds. They can do great damage at the time the birds are learning to fly and there seems to be no way to prevent it.—Shorty of N. Y.

WANTS BOYS' LETTERS

Autumn is near with its cool and frosty nights. It's the time when the trees shed their leaves and the flowers have nearly all been touched by frost. Soon the birds will be leaving to go where the sun is still warm and where they can be among the leaves of the trees, building their nests and enjoying themselves as they did before they left us.

I enjoy reading Aunt Martha's articles very much because she always teaches some good lesson or has some good object in writing. I wonder why more boys don't write. They will be busy with hunting and trapping soon as well as school work and then they will think they do not have time enough.

Beuna, have you gone to Fairmont yet? Some of the cousins might live near each other and still not know it on account of some of our odd nicknames. I live on a small farm and the schoolhouse is in sight of our home, while the church is about a mile from here. We are glad we don't have any farther to go to school. When people are selecting a place to live I think the distance from school and church should always be considered. —Iva Dotson of W. Va.

What Others Say

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrowheads of gold. —Bryant.

No clouds are in the morning sky,
The vapors hug the stream,
Who says that life and love can die
In all this northern gleam?
At every turn the maples burn
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs
Are dropping for you and me.
Ho! hillyho! heigh O!
In the clear October morning.
—E. C. Stedman.

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the riverways
With gold of elms and birches from the maze of forests.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

October's gold is dim—the forests rot,
The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day
Is wrapped in damp.
—David Gray.

And close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's woods. —Whittier.

October's foliage yellows with his chill. —Ruskin.

Paint Stains

When paint marks on clothing are to be removed, it is well to remember that spirits of turpentine will remove the troublesome spots if the paint is fresh. White or light colored paint which has dried often may be softened and removed with benzine or ether. Chloroform frequently is more effective yet.

Colored paints and varnishes usually will yield to a mixture made of two parts of spirits of ammonia, one part of oil of turpentine and one part of denatured alcohol. Shake the mixture well, apply to the stain, keep moist for a few moments, when it should be possible to wipe it off with a dry cloth. If necessary, repeat the process.

It is a good idea, if there are children where painting is going on, to prepare a bottle of paint remover and have it ready for use. This mixture will usually answer nicely for such purposes.

Ammonia water, 4 ounces.
Spirits of turpentine, 2 ounces.

Put in a good sized bottle and shake well before using. If stains are very old and stubborn they may be soaked in olive oil and then removed with alcohol or chloroform.

September Honor Roll

The boys and girls were easy winners over the writers to the Merry-Go-Round on the September Honor Roll. Ten writers won places on the roll and six of them were contributors to the Boys' and Girls' corner, while only four Merry-Go-Round writers received mention.

The following are the letters in the Boys' and Girls' corner to win honorable mention: Sept. 4, "Flowers and Flowers" by Wood Nymph, "About Virginia" by L. R. of Va.; Sept. 11, "Short Cut to Happiness" by Happy June Bug of W. Va.; Sept. 18, "More About Stamps" by Huckleberry Finn of Tenn., and "Keep Heart Pure" by Tennessee Optimist; Sept. 25, "Novels True to Life" by Miss Farmerette of Ohio.

Merry-Go-Round winners are: Sept. 4, "Hair and Books" by Anne of Iowa; Sept. 11, "Life Uncertain" by Just Me of W. Va.; Sept. 18, "Teachers and Roads" by F. W. E. of W. Va.; Sept. 25, "Real Religion" by Mrs. Harriet B. of W. Va.

Chat With Cousins

In school you learned of Magellan, Drake and Columbus, men who made history with their trips across uncharted seas. Magellan was the first to encircle the globe, and Columbus discovered a new continent. They are men of history. They made history so that we who have studied history will never forget their names or what they did. Men are still making history and their names will go down to posterity.

In the days to come the names of Smith, Wade and Nelson will be familiar names for they are men of history. They are the first to encircle the globe in the air. In the cold Arctic region, across the hot plains of Asia, up through Europe and across the Northern Atlantic to Iceland, Greenland and down the coast to Yankeeland these intrepid pilots of ships that ply the currents of the air have gone.

Their achievement is wonderful. They have set the pace. Others may follow, but their trip around this world is the first. It is history and their names will be forever engraved on the pages of history as dauntless explorers who have led where others follow.

Anyone can encircle the globe on a steamship nowadays if he has money enough for the expenses, but when Magellan went on the same trip it was an achievement. Probably some day it will be only a commonplace incident to fly around the world in an airplane. We don't know But the fact remains that Smith, Wade and Nelson with their assistants, Ogden, Harding and Arnold, were the first to make this long journey. They have blazed the trail like Magellan did and they can rightfully be called the Magellans of the Twentieth century.

We saw in a newspaper the other day that bacon is selling for 12 cents a pound. Thinking that bacon was cheap again we rejoiced until we noticed another sentence saying that it was in 1884 that it sold for this sum. Bacon was cheap once. So were other things, including labor.

Just Rose of W. Va. differs with E. L. Robertson of Tenn. about some of his Bible facts. Just Rose says the word "reverend" is mentioned in the ninth verse of the 111th Psalm instead of the 118th. Also it is the second verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra that contains all the letters of the alphabet except "J" instead of the 21st verse. Just Rose claims that the longest verse is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther instead of the 25th verse of the eleventh chapter.

When a writer sends a letter to this page and signs a non de plume or only initials that is all the name the reader needs to know. We do not publish addresses although we want each letter to be signed with the right name and address. The editor won't publish these names and does not keep the addresses on file, so it is impossible to furnish anyone with an address of another writer.—Mrs. W. H. C. of Ill.

We are glad you enjoy the paper Edward C. of Mich., but we cannot furnish you with any addresses. We told Just Me of Iowa the same thing and our rule hasn't been changed since or won't be changed.

Uncle Josh writes to tell us that all the suckers don't live on the farm. Uncle Josh is right. The farm has its share of suckers, but so has the city. We know of one city where it is estimated that $3,000,000 worth of fake stocks were sold to the inhabitants within a short period of time. City people fall for this stuff as well as farmers. Keep your purse away from glib stock salesmen and you will have more money in the bank. There is no short sure road to riches.

We are not publishing names and addresses for cards and letters anymore. Earle H. of W. Va.

Snatches From W. B.

I am 10 years old and in the sixth grade, a fact of which I am very proud.—Nell of Pa.

I am 13 years old and a freshman in high school this year. I think it is all right for girls to get an education but if they want to go with the boys they might just as well let school alone. Jimmy, we are going to move but I hope we won't have as hard a time finding a house as your father and mother did.—Pineapple of W. Va.

Bruce of N. Y., I agree with you about reading novels. Most children who read them instead of getting an education know nothing when they grow up. I think it's wrong to go to the movies. Most children who go kill themselves trying to do things as they see them done on the screen. —Dot of Pa.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

Asparagus is delicious escalloped with cheese.

Serve oatmeal with canned strawberries.

Sprinkled chilled cantaloupe with shredded cocoanut.

Serve lamb with mint sauce flavored with currant.

Use hot sour cream in mashed potatoes in place of milk.

It is wise to have a portable fire extinguisher on every floor of your home.

Bits of candied orange rind make an attractive garnish for orange custard.

As a fruit course for the griddle and hot cake breakfast serve canned apricots.

Line baking powder tins with vanilla ice cream, fill with a parfait and pack.

The picnic lunch will be fresh, moist and appetizing if wrapped in oiled paper.

If the tea or coffee pot is discolored on the inside, boil in it a strong solution of borax for a short time and it will soon be clean and white.

There are many uses for cheesecloth. Squares and bags make excellent strainers for cottage cheese or fruit juices. Mops of all kinds and dishcloths may be made, and squares of the cheesecloth weighted at the corners with beads make covers for food.

POETS' CORNER

The Station Agent's Story

Ross Hartwick Thorpe.

Take a seat in the shade, here, lady,
It's tiresome, I know, to wait,
But when the train reaches Verona
It's always sure to be late;
'Specially when anyone's waitin'.
Been gatherin' flowers, I see;
Ah, well! they're better company
Than a rough old fellow, like me.

You noticed the graves 'neath the willows,
Down there where the blossoms grow?
Well, yes, there's a story about them,
Almost too strange to be true;
'Tis a stranger, sweeter story,
Than was ever written in books;
And God made the ending so perfect—
There, now I see by your looks.

I will have to tell the story:
Let me see; 'twas eight years ago
One blusterin' night in winter
When the air was just thick with snow;
As the freight came round the curve there,
They beheld a man on the track,
Bravin' the storm before him, but
Not heedin' the foe at the back.

And, ere a hand could grasp the bell-rope,
Or a finger reach the rod,
One sweep from the cruel snow-plow
Had sent the man's soul to God!
They laid him out here in the freight-house,
And I stayed with him that night.
He'd one of the pleasantest faces,
So hopeful and young and bright.

There was only a worn out letter;
I know it by heart—it said:
"Dear John; baby May grows finely,
I send you this curl from her head.
We will meet at Brackenboro,
The grandfather's sad and lone,
But I read him your kind words, saying,
When we've a home of our own.

He shall sing the songs of old England
Beneath our own willow tree.
That was all there was of it, lady,
And 'twas signed just "Alice Leigh."
So we made a grave in the morning
And buried the man out there
Alone, unmourned, in a stranger's land,
With only a stranger's prayer.

But when he'd slept in his lonely grave
Out there, nigh on to a year,
Ray's freight ran into a washout
By the culvert, a way down here;
There were only two passengers that night
Dead, when we found them there—
A sweet little English woman;
And a baby with golden hair.

On her breast lay the laughing baby,
With its rosy finger tips
Still warm, and the fair, young mother
With a frozen smile on her lips.
We laid them out here in the freight-house,
I stayed that night with the dead;
I shall never forget the letter
We found in her purse; it said:

"Dear Alice: Praise God I've got here—
I'll soon have a home for you now;
But you must come with the baby,
As soon as you can anyhow.
Comfort the grandfather, and tell him
That by and by he shall come,
And sing the songs of old England,
'Neath the willows beside our home;
For, close by the door of our cottage
I'll set out a willow tree,
For his sake and the sake of old England,
Lovingly yours, John Leigh."

The tears filled my eyes as I read it;
But I whispered—"God is just!"
For I knew the true heart yonder—
Then only a handful of dust—
Had drawn this sweet, little woman
Right here, and God's merciful love,
And taken her from the sorrow,
To the glad reunion above!

So, close by the grave of the other,
We laid her away to rest,
The golden-haired, English mother,
With the baby upon her breast.
I planted those trees above them,
For I know the story, you see;
And, I thought their rest would be sweeter
'Neath their own loved willow tree.

Five years rolled along, and, lady,
The story may not seem to you
Like a wonderful piece of fiction,
But I tell you it is true.
As true as that God is above us!
One summer day, hot and clear,
As the train rolled into the station
And stopped to change engines here,
Among a company of Mormons
Came a trembling, white-haired man,
He asked me with voice very eager,
"Will you tell me, sir, if you can,
Of a place called Brackenboro'?
And how far have I got to go?"
"It's the next station north," I answered.
"Only thirteen miles below."

His old face lit up for a moment,
With a look of joy complete;
Then he threw up his hands toward heaven,
And dropped down dead at my feet!
"Old Hugh Leigh is dead," said a Mormon,
"And sights o' trouble he's be'n.
Nothin' would do when we started,
But that he must come with us then

To find Alice, John and the baby;
And his heart was well nigh broke,
With writin' and watchin' in England
For letters they never wrote."
So we buried him there with the others
Beneath the willow tree,
'Twas God's way of ending the story—
More perfect than man's could be!

Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore

By Frank Livingston.

It's a relic, do you see, it was in our family,
My mother used to wear it in the fall,
And the morning that she died, called me to her bedside
And said: "My son, keep this old red shawl."

CHORUS.

It is aged and it's tore, yet I fondly adore
The dear old shawl my mother wore;
And through life it shall be, yes, a bright gem to me,
This little old red shawl my mother wore.

I prize it far above every other thing I love,
For it keeps my mother ever in my mind;
And as long as life shall last, to this relic I'll hold fast,
This memento that my mother left behind.

Heaven Is My Home

By T. R. Taylor.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
'Round me on every hand,
Heav'n is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

What though the tempest rage?
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.

There at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I lov'd most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

A Poem on the Devil

By Alfred J. Hough.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air today, for the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land today with the fiery breath of hell?
If the devil isn't and never was, won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares on the fields of time, wherever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work that the devil alone should do?

We are told that he does not go about as a roaring fiction now,
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and state to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

Poor Little Joe

While strolling one night through New York's gay throng,
I met a poor boy who was singing a song,
Although he was singing he wanted for bread,
Although he was smiling he wished himself dead.

CHORUS.

Cold blew the blast, down fell the snow,
He had no home to shelter him, nowhere to go;
No mother to guide him, in the grave she laid low,
Cast out on the cold street was poor little Joe.

A carriage passed by with a lady inside,
I looked at poor Joe and saw that he cried,
He followed the carriage, she not even smiled,
But fondly caressed her own darling child.

I looked at poor Joe and thought it was odd,
Was the poor ragged urchin forgotten by God?
And I saw by the lamplight that shone on the snow
The pale deadly features of poor little Joe.

The lights had gone out and the clock had struck one,
Along came a policeman whose duty was done,
You could tell by the sound of his dull heavy tread,
You would think he was sinking the graves of the dead.

"Oh! what is this?" the policeman then said,
It was poor little Joe on the ground he lay dead,
With his eyes turned toward heaven all covered with snow,
Cast out on the cold street was poor little Joe.

Life's Harvest Reapers

Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee
And the day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle down?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below.
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint for fear or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Kep back no word of knowledge,
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of the Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

Poems Wanted

Please send the following requested poems and songs directly to Martha Holden: "The Leak in the Dike," "Poorhouse Nan." Also those containing the following lines: "Eyes the preacher could not school by wayside graves are raised." "Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight."

AN OPEN LETTER TO WOMEN

Tells of Mrs. Vogel's Terrible Suffering and how she was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Detroit, Michigan.—"My troubles were severe pains in my back and terrible bearing-down pains in my right side, also headaches and sleepless nights. I first began having troubles when I was 15, and they have increased as I grew older. A little booklet was left at my door, and I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women and decided to try it. After the first week I could go to sleep every night and I stopped having that nervous feeling and got a better appetite. The doctor had always said that an operation was the only thing that would help me, but I never had any faith in an operation. Since the Vegetable Compound has started helping me I do not suffer the severe pains, feel stronger, and am able to do my own work. I am more than glad to tell my friends that it helps where other medicines have failed." —Mrs. GUS VOGEL, 6608 Pelouze St., Detroit, Michigan.

A record of fifty years service must convince women of the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE BLUE CIRCLE

BY ELIZABETH GORDAN

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CHAPTER I

A Man Cast Down

Renshaw stopped at the entrance to the grounds of the country house he was approaching and surveyed the building with the detached expression of a baby that is being kissed. Presumably something agreeable was happening to him, but he could not whip up much interest in the episode. He had arrived at Tawno Ker, the home of David Campbell, and, incidentally, his own future home. It might be worth while to get a fairly deliberate first-hand impression of his new environment. Also, in the absence of any conveyance, he had walked from the station,—a little matter of a mile and a half—and he was more than ready to set down his handbag and feel sorry for himself and remove some of the dust of the road from his shoes before he appeared to his new employer.

The fact that the employer did not as yet realize that Renshaw was to be his new employe did not disturb the young man. Campbell would know that soon enough. In the meantime there was the place to be looked over. Possibly he, Renshaw would not like the place—in which case, of course, he need not present himself to its owner. Until he had settled that vital point he need not attend to the shoes, either. Time enough for such exertion if he decided to go in.

He took off his hat, however, and, leaning languidly against a stone pillar of the wide gateway, let the late October breeze cool his head. It was a strikingly well-shaped head, obviously capable of more interior work than its owner was now requiring of it, and it was covered with thick dark hair which revealed a wave that brushing and clipping failed to subdue. In the past a large amount of brushing and clipping had been devoted to the effort. Of late, however, Renshaw had lost interest in the matter, as in most other matters. For two years he had stood outside of himself, watching the undirected course of his existence. Life and the wave had had their way with him.

He turned now upon the driveway leading to the old red-brick house before him a pair of eyes that matched his hair in color. They were very dark brown eyes, almost black. Nature, in giving them to him, had shown characteristic indifference to the sufferings of women. But it was long since Renshaw had turned those eyes on women—or, indeed, on anything else—with other than the remote expression that had become habitual to them.

With this expression he surveyed the two rows of maple trees that guarded the driveway, like lines of footmen in gorgeous livery separating to permit visitors to pass. Once he would have gloried in nature's autumnal flamboyance—in the flaming torches of the maples, the dark plumes of neighboring poplars, the massed brilliance of asters and goldenrod in the hedges he had passed, the acrid fragrance of burning autumn leaves which drifted to his nostrils from nearby fields. Today he had not even observed these things. He had been conscious only of the weight of his traveling case, of the dust of country roads, of an increase in the physical and mental lassitude he wore as garments, of an absorbing self-pity.

But he really must look at the place. Yes, he must. He must decide whether or not he was going into that house to see David Campbell and work for him. He lashed his will to the task, and his will, like an unwilling horse, shied and side-stepped. He forced it to the effort. He would look at the house, anyway—and then, an inner voice again suggested, perhaps he wouldn't have to go in.

It was late in the afternoon, and the autumnal twilight fell while he stood there, hesitating. In the dim windows of the house, set so far back among the oaks and maples that many of its outlines were lost to the observer in the road, lights began to twinkle, like smiles in tired eyes. There was something very soothing in the sight. It suggested rest. With a long sigh, Renshaw replaced his hat, casually dusted his shoes on the grass of the roadside, and picked up his traveling bag. He had decided to remain and work for David Campbell.

He made his way up the avenue, sagging a little under the weight of the case, and, gratefully dropping the latter on the broad veranda with which an architect unbound by tradition had embellished the front of the Colonial dwelling, he again hesitated, with his finger on the button of the electric bell. To press that button meant to re-enter life. If he pressed it, and someone came, he would be committed to an interview, to explanations, to the carrying out of a plan—the first plan he had formed in two years. It had been very hard to make that plan—it would be nothing short of grilling to carry it through. Yet there was only one alternative—and this alternative his sick soul sometimes approached, sometimes rejected, but always abysmally abhorred. The memory of it now steadied his nerves. He pressed the button.

As he did so he picked up the suit-case, in confiding expectation of immediate entrance. But there was a delay; four, five, at least six minutes passed without response. Apparently the Campbell servants were not especially well trained. Or, as this was the tea hour, possibly there were other guests and the butler was busy. The reflection that there might be other guests sent Renshaw back across the veranda; but, even as his instinctive retreat began, it was checked by the sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened, and a man servant stood outlined against the light of the inner hall. He was tall, straight, neat, round-faced, and vacuous. Though he was still in the thirties, he appeared to have reached the summit of his ambitions. He exuded complacency as he stared past the caller's profile with exactly the degree of human detachment that is the highest ideal of his kind.

"Is Mr. Campbell at home?" Renshaw was fumbling for his card.

"I will inquire, sir."

"If you please." Renshaw handed him the card and crossed the threshold into the hall. The servant hesitated a fraction of a second, while his glance touched and slipped past the traveling bag. He closed the door, leaving the case where it lay.

"If you will sit here a moment, sir—"

His manner was entirely correct, yet it subtly conveyed to Renshaw the impression that the man had not accepted him, that, though he had crossed the actual threshold of Tawno Ker, he was still waiting on its doorstep. He nodded and seated himself on a carved settle that stood at the right of the entrance. The servant disappeared through a door opening into a room on the same side of the hall. Almost immediately he returned, the subtle atmosphere of his disapproval slightly intensified.

"Mr. Campbell is not at home, sir," he formally reported.

Renshaw nodded. "Of course he isn't. I forgot to send in my letter of introduction with my card. Stupid of me."

He drew the letter from his pocket and handed it over. "Give him that," he directed. A certain pride in him, that rallied in any association with other human beings, led to an automatic correctness of speech and manner that was the result of early years of habit. His attitude toward the butler was exactly what it should have been, though every instinct in him rejoiced in the respite he was offered and urged immediate flight.

Again a faint hesitation obscured the perfection of the butler's manner, as a light mist momentarily dims a view. For an instant his eyes met the caller's and the two wills clashed. Renshaw's head jerked forward in the nod that once had been a command. The servant slowly turned away with the letter, and then, quickening his steps, again disappeared through the door at the right of the hall. This time his absence was longer. Five minutes passed before Renshaw was conscious of his unobtrusive return.

"Mr. Campbell will see you sir," he reported.

Renshaw rose, nodding toward the right-hand door.

"In that room?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Bring my bag into the house, please, and leave it here in the hall."

The man obeyed, and Renshaw walked into the big room where the master of the house awaited him. It was a comfortable room, even a beautiful one. Its walls were lined with books with special, much-handled bindings. Its deep chairs were the sort one sank into with an inner sigh of comfort. Its rugs were dim-toned and exquisite examples of the ancient art of the Orient from which they came. At its far end logs blazed in a huge bricked fireplace, and in front of the fire an old man sat alone.

Renshaw, walking toward him across the long room, had time to realize that he was a very old man indeed, and so small and thin that he seemed almost lost in the recesses of his big chair. He had time also to trace a resemblance that immediately struck him. In repose David Campbell looked surprisingly like Leo the Thirteenth. A narrow chaplet of white hair outlined the shape of his fine head. The skin of his delicate, ascetic face was colorless; but as the visitor came close to him he turned up to the young man the sudden gaze of a pair of eyes so blue and keen that the latter was almost startled. Simultaneously he held out a shrunken hand, and as he spoke the resemblance to the great Italian faded, leaving in the big chair merely a quaint little old gentleman, wholly American, with a charming manner and a worldly smile.

"You will forgive me for not getting up, Mr. Renshaw," he said, in a voice that seemed much younger than its owner. "I am not moving about in a very sprightly manner these days, but I am glad to see any one who comes from my friend Doctor Stanley. Will you draw that chair a little closer and sit down facing me, please? I don't hear quite so well as I used to."

Renshaw released the hand he had been holding as its owner spoke, and obeyed his instructions. He felt a sentiment for the old man, sudden and to him surprising. It was more than interest. It was almost liking. Possibly it was merely a response to the unusual degree of personal magnetism that Campbell undoubtedly possessed. He settled comfortably into the soft depths of his chair, and fixed his dark eyes on the face of his host with an emotion that was almost satisfaction. This plan of his seemed to be a good one. He did not speak, however, and under his steady but oddly detached gaze Campbell grew restless. Mechanically the old man unfolded the letter of introduction he had been holding in his left hand, and cleared his throat.

"This letter," he began, "is dated today. You have just come from town and from Doctor Stanley?"

"Yes, sir."

"He hasn't been here to see me for a fortnight," Campbell grumbled. "Of course I know he's busy, but he might find time for his patient, if not for his old friend. Stanley and I were young together, you know."

"Yes, sir. He told me that."

The familiar lassitude was attacking Renshaw's will, like a creeping paralysis. He had got this far, and apparently the effort exhausted him. The thought of the impending interview filled him with a kind of horror. If only Campbell would take the situation in hand and settle everything! But Campbell did nothing of the sort, because Campbell had as yet no notion of what the situation was.

"Stanley's got the advantage of me by about eight years," Campbell was saying. "And he's kept himself in fine condition—the lucky old dog!"

He waited, but his visitor said nothing. The host decided that this was a young man who had no intention of wasting time in generalities. That being so, they would come at once to the point—whatever the point was. He leaned back and smiled at his caller. It was his most engaging smile, gracious and whimsical—a smile that illumined his delicate old face like a light from within. Under its charm the set lips of the visitor slightly relaxed, but he did not return the smile. With Renshaw, smiling was a lost art.

"Doctor Stanley tells me you have a proposition to make to me—a rather unusual and startling one," the host began comfortably. "He asks me to give it the most careful consideration."

"Yes, sir."

This was a difficult young man—although an extremely good-looking one. Campbell lost the details of line and color that would have charmed women. What he took in, with an unconscious sigh of envy, was the chap's splendid physique. Six feet at least, he told himself, and superbly made. The fellow was young, too, probably not much more than thirty, and, despite his odd lack of response, obviously a thoroughbred. David Campbell liked thoroughbreds, being a thoroughbred himself. Again he waited for the younger man to speak, and the beautiful old room seemed to wait, too—taking on a deeper silence in the long pause. Renshaw's somber gaze had fixed itself on a door behind the host, but not more than eight feet away. He was trying to lash his will to the task before him; but again it shied, and, as he looked, his ears caught a sound that gave him a legitimate excuse for delay. The sound was like the rustle of stiff linen garments. Some one was on the other side of the door. His attention caught and held, he waited, expecting to see the door open. Campbell, hearing nothing, bit his lip. This was a difficult fellow!

"I am ready to listen to your proposition," he said, more concisely than he had yet spoken.

"Thank you." Renshaw replied absently, his eyes, with a quickened expression, still on the door he was facing. "But what I have to say is confidential. If you will permit me—"

He was on his feet as he spoke, and in three strides had reached the door and opened it. As he did so he experienced a sense of chagrin. The door led into a side corridor, wide and empty. No one was there, though it was possible that he had caught the flutter of a white garment disappearing around a corner. He returned to his chair, looking and feeling rather sheepish. In a way, however, the little incident had steadied him by diverting his mind from himself. His host was regarding him with courteous surprise.

"I want to be sure we are not overheard," Renshaw explained as he sat down again. You see, my proposition is so unusual—"

Campbell nodded. "You may feel quite safe," he said. "No one in the house could have any reason for listening to us, even if we had any one here who—ah—did that kind of thing."

Again he wished this young man would come to the point; and now, as if in response to the telepathic command, the caller did so, taking the moment as if it were a hurdle.

"The truth is, sir," he blurted out, "I—have come here to ask you to buy me!"

Campbell leaned forward.

"I beg your pardon," he said apologetically, "but I shall have to ask you to speak very distinctly. Of late my hearing—"

"I have come here, Mr. Campbell," Renshaw repeated, slowly and clearly, "to ask you to buy me!"

The old man, who was still bending toward him with a look of almost strained attention, relaxed in his chair and smiled. It was a courteous smile, but a weary one, the smile of a man constrained by good breeding to accept a dull jest. He shook his head.

"And now," he invited, "let us get to the point."

"That is the point." Renshaw spoke with an apathetic flatness of tone. He was struggling with a tremendous temptation to get up and get out; to drop the whole business; to take the other way—which, for the moment at least, seemed the easiest way.

"Will you—ah—elucidate?"

Campbell was watching him closely. In his heart he half believed he was dealing with a madman; and yet surely Dick Stanley, his old friend and physician, would not have sent him a madman to deal with. However, what explanation save madness could there be of this amazing request, unless there were some sort of practical joke involved? and, whatever else this fellow looked like, he did not suggest a practical joker. With a slight prickling of his scalp, the old man played for time. Possibly some one would come in. Yes, of course; it was the hour Jenks brought the tea. He stretched forth his hand toward an electric button on a table near him, but Renshaw stopped him with a gesture. He had read his host's thoughts.

"It sounds rather weird, I know," he said apologetically, "but Doctor Stanley warned you it was unusual. He knows all about my plan and highly approves of it."

"Dick approves of my—my buying you?" Campbell was puzzled, unconvinced, annoyed, and still a bit apprehensive.

"Yes, sir. And if you don't mind postponing for a moment the interruption of tea, I should like to explain."

The other's waiting hand dropped.

"I wish you would," he said almost fretfully. "And of course we will wait for tea," he forced himself to add.

"Mr. Campbell, I don't expect you to take in the thing all at once, but the facts are these." Renshaw had begun almost glibly, because he had rehearsed his opening speech. Now he stopped, as if uncertain how to proceed.

"Yes?" prompted his hearer. Renshaw drew a deep breath.

"Two years ago," he said, "I had an unusual experience — a terrible shock. I will not trouble you with the details; in fact, I could not discuss them. The experience knocked me out completely for a year. The second year I was able to crawl around, in leading-strings, as it were. Now I am well, or almost well—but there is still one thing I can't face. Stanley tells me it's my last obession, and that it will pass as soon as I get into a normal way of living. However that may be, it has got me now."

He brought out the last words between set teeth.

"What is it?" Campbell asked the question very gently.

"A fear of the responsibility for my own life and self-support, a fear that amounts to a nightmare."

"What? I beg your pardon, but I am never quite sure I am hearing things correctly," the old man interrupted.

"A horror of the responsibility for my self-support." Renshaw almost fiercely repeated. "I can't endure it. If I have to face it in the half-baked state I am in now, I shall never get well. I know that. If, on the other hand, some one else will be responsible for me a year longer, I am beginning to believe that, with the start I've got, I can be cured. But I've got to be owned and supported by another. I've got to be a bondman. I've got to be as irresponsible and dependent as a slave, doing as I'm told and absolutely assured of a living."

David Campbell shook his head. He was still puzzled, but he felt he was beginning to understand. The poor chap needed humoring.

"My dear fellow," he began soothingly, "surely there are sanatoriums where you can have every care—"

"I've been in them; I have had every care. That's just the point. I am ready for the next step. The doctors have turned me out. They say I am well but don't know it. They say I will never know it as long as I remain in institutions. I must live a normal life. I must have work. And I can work."

He was rushing on now because he was afraid that if he stopped he would lose all the impetus he had gained.

"I can work like a steam-engine if you put me at it. They all admit that. And it's good, stiff, intelligent work, too. There's nothing the matter with my brain, Mr. Campbell; don't imagine that there is. There never has been, even when things were at their worst." He dropped his head into his hands. "But there will be," he added, with an irrepressible groan, "unless, for just a little while longer, some one else is responsible for my support. So Doctor Stanley sent me to you. He said he was sure I could be of great use to you—that you needed some one—"

David Campbell leaned back in his chair, joined the fingers of his thin hands together, and looked past them into the fire.

"Useful? Yes, perhaps," he murmured, "if you had merely come to me for a situation. But this proposition—. It's all very unsettling." He broke off. "Why wouldn't it do to accept a situation on salary?" he asked abruptly.

"Because if I did that I should live in terror of losing my job. No; I've got to fix things in another way. I've got to find a man who will take me on in such a binding fashion that he simply can't get rid of me."

"Humph!" Campbell started into the flames. The caller watched him.

"What can you do?" the old man asked at last.

"Anything!" The word came from the caller's lips like a bullet.

Campbell shook his head. "Anything is nothing," he pointed out with sudden austerity. "What can you do, really, that is worth a salary?"

The young man flushed.

"I can keep accounts," he said doggedly. "I can act as secretary and general utility man, and guard your health. That's what Doctor Stanley especially wanted me to do," he remembered to add. "Look after you and see that you look after yourself. He said there were conditions just at present that were rather trying to you. He thought there ought to be a younger man here with you."

Campbell nodded. For the first time, he was impressed as well as interested. Startling as Renshaw's proposition had been, there must be something in it worth considering, or Stanley would not have advocated it in the strong letter he had written. Also, the reference to his health appealed to him.

"If it were merely a matter of engaging your services—" he murmured discontentedly.

The other interrupted him.

"It's not that," he pointed out. "I could not consider for a moment the mere offer of a situation. Please remember the vital detail that I am asking you to buy me. For the next year I want to be your property as absolutely as if I were a bought slave. Also, try to remember that my obsession does not impair my ability in any way. Doctor Stanley guarantees that. I can be very useful to you if I am certain of my future for a year—if, in a phrase, my future is off my mind."

Campbell, his eyes still on the fire, again reflected. One point increasingly impressed him. Possibly this extraordinary young man could prolong his life. Stanley seemed to think so. At the thought his keen eyes took on a new expression. Deep in the heart of this worn-out human mechanism, and unsuspected by any one but his physician, burned an almost abnormal passion to live on.

"All this," he said slowly, "is the most impossible thing I've ever listened to."

The visitor's glance dropped.

"I suppose so," he dully conceded. "I realize how it must sound to any one else. But Doctor Stanley understood, and he hoped you would. It is just a form of nerve obsession, you see, sir," he patiently repeated, "a fear of life and of the future. If I merely had a job I should live in a panic. Whereas, if I were actually bought for a year, I'd be off my own mind; don't you see?"

"And on mine," Campbell dryly commented, "Yes, I see."

Again the young man flushed.

"It isn't as if I were useless," he muttered. "You will find that I can work like a horse. I'll do anything I'm told."

"Anything?" Campbell spoke with sudden meaning.

"Anything," the caller replied without hesitation.

The keen blue eyes of his host remained on his face.

"In fiction or the drama," he murmured thoughtfully, "the hero would qualify that remark. He would grandiloquently protect his honor."

"We are not in fiction or the drama," Renshaw wearily reminded him. "And I am discussing this matter with you, sir, not with some one casually selected. I will put my honor into your hands as absolutely as my life."

The old man nodded.

"I see that you are at least in earnest," he conceded.

"It's a matter of life or death with me, Mr. Campbell."

Campbell hesitated.

"I might ask you to do some odd things," he hinted — "things you would not understand at first. The situation here just now is a trifle—ah—abnormal. And I might not be able to explain for a few weeks certain matters not clear to a newcomer."

"I rather expect that, from a remark or two that Doctor Stanley dropped."

"And you are sure the kind of responsibility that attends working for another—perhaps more or less in the dark—would not worry you?" the old man asked curiously.

"Not a bit. You see, some one else is responsible for me, and I am certain of a bed, a roof over my head, and enough food to fill my stomach. I am"—his head dropped under the humiliation of the admission—"at the end of my resources."

"Your family—" Campbell began, after a moment's silence.

"So far as I knew, I have not a relative in the world. But Doctor Stanley knows who my people were."

"Humph!" The word sounded ungracious; it was merely thoughtful.

"Doctor Stanley told me you really needed a secretary," Renshaw went on. "He thought there was no doubt you would give me a job, but he was not sure that you would buy me."

Campbell grimaced. "Oh, he wasn't—wasn't he? Confound him!"

The last words broke from his lips before he could check them. He tried to drown them in a cough, but the visitor heard. For the third time he flushed, this time deeply and unbecomingly. Simultaneously, as if moved by a spring, he rose.

"Mr. Campbell," he said formally, "I hope you will forgive me for troubling you. I realize what an unpardonable nuisance I have been and how wild my scheme must have sounded to you. A doctor, of course, would understand. Very few laymen could. I am grateful for the time you have given me, and I will not take any more of it. Good night."

He held out his hand, and the somber veil on his face lifted a trifle. After all, this would settle things and he would not have to plan again! "Good night," he repeated, and, dropping the hand the other man had mechanically extended, turned to go.

"Wait a minute. Don't be in such a hurry!"

Campbell's voice was almost peevish. He struggled up from his chair, slowly and with much difficulty, till he stood facing his caller. His slight figure was unexpectedly tall, but his brilliant eyes were far below the somber level of his visitor's. He looked at the latter with a new expression in them. He had liked this young man's valedictory.

"Wait a minute," he repeated, in a different tone. "Do I understand you to say that Stanley actually approves of this mad notion of yours?"

"Yes, sir. He thinks I would be very useful to you. He repeated that again and again. I think so, too," Renshaw sedately added.

"How much salary do you want? I mean,—" Campbell corrected himself before the other could speak, but dropped his serious tone, "—what price are you asking for this—ah—purchase you suggest?"

"Anything you choose. Fix the price yourself, and pay it in monthly instalments if you like, or at the end of the year."

Renshaw spoke indifferently, and the dark veil that had temporarily lifted from his face again settled there. So it wasn't over, after all, he was reflecting.

"Three hundred dollars, payable in twelve monthly instalments of twenty-five dollars each?"

"Anything you choose," repeated the latter. "The only important detail is that you make yourself responsible for my support for a year—as absolutely responsible," he repeated, "as if I were your property."

"We will say twenty-four hundred dollars," the old man amended without explanation. "Will that do?"

"Yes, sir."

The voice and manner of the visitor were as unresponsive as before.

"When do you want to begin?"

"Now—this minute."

"Oh! Then you came prepared to stay?"

"Yes, sir."

Campbell digested this in silence. "Would you like a contract?" he asked at last.

"No, sir. A contract of this sort would not be legal of course. Besides, it is unnecessary. We will consider this a gentleman's agreement."

"Very well." Campbell held out his hand. "Now, if you have no deep-rooted objections to tea, we will drink some," he added as he slowly settled back into the big chair. "And I, for one, am ready for it! Buying a man, if you will permit me to say so, is rather an exhausting business."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and the complacent personality of the servant who had admitted Renshaw promptly injected itself into the room.

"Jenks," said his master, "bring tea, and tell Miss Campbell when it is here. And by the way, Jenks—" He stopped the man on his way to the door, and turned to Renshaw. "Did you bring any luggage?"

"A bag. It is in the hall."

Campbell spoke to the butler.

"Take it up to the north room. Mr. Renshaw, who is my new secretary, will use that room—unless, after he has tried it, he prefers another."

Jenks left the room. He had not spoken, and he did not glance at Renshaw; but to the young man every line of his erect figure conveyed an august disapproval. In a few minutes he was back in stately association with a tea-wagon, which he rolled up to the fire. Simultaneously the door from the hall reopened and a girl came in. Catching sight of her as she entered, Renshaw rose, and as she made the journey toward him down the long room his eyes watched her, first with their usual detachment, then with an impersonal interest.

She was young, not much more than twenty-two, he decided, and very lovely. Her hair was jet-black and her eyes were darker than his own, but soft and holding an unexpected expression of melancholy. Yet every line of her face and figure showed pride and spirit, and she walked with the gait of a young empress. She came directly to the side of the old man, kissed the top of his head with precision, and turned her unsmiling eyes on the visitor as he was presented.

"Verity, my dear," Campbell was saying, "this is Mr. Renshaw, who is going to look after my correspondence and see that I get to bed at ten, and rule me generally with a rod of iron. But I warn you, Renshaw, that my granddaughter will hardly tolerate another tyrant in the house. To order me about is her pet privilege."

Renshaw, bowing silently before the girl, met for an instant the direct regard of her proud eyes, and in that instant realized that she did not like him. He accepted the discovery with indifference. The liking or disliking of others was unimportant. But, as he took his cup of tea she poured for him, he unexpectedly met the gaze of another pair of eyes—and the expression of these he could not so casually dismiss from his mind. They were the eyes of Jenks, the butler, and they held a message that was as clear as it was unpleasant—a message of intense and open antagonism.

While Campbell chatted with his granddaughter, tossing an occasional sentence to his new property, John Renshaw stared into the tea he was absently stirring. The attitude of others toward himself concerned him very little nowadays, but he was conscious of a slight curiosity. In his normal past many human beings had liked him, and a few had disliked him. But, as far as he knew, none and repudiated him at the first encounter so warmly and so obviously as Miss Verity Campbell and her butler had just done.

Why had they repudiated him?

The answer to the question was not obvious. Still stirring his tea, and lending half an ear to his new owner's conversation, Renshaw continued to consider the problem. He could not find the solution. But one conclusion, at least, his mind reached and accepted. His year in Tawno Ker was not stretching before him as the peace-filled vista he had so resolutely held up to his imagination when he was laboriously evolving his plan.

To Be Continued

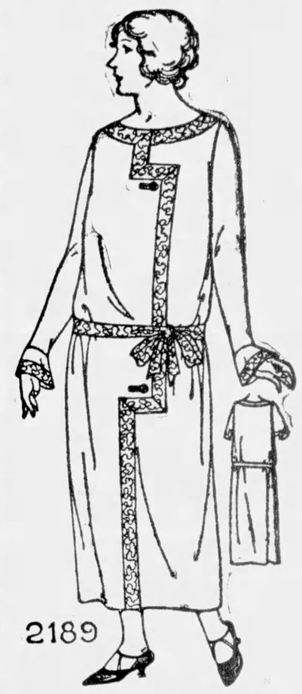
FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

EVERY woman is thinking of new clothes now because a new season is here and also because the store windows are filled with pretty new styles which attract the eye and make you wish you had a million dollars to spend on new frocks. Few of us have millions though and have to do the best we can with what we have. If you want something that is easy to make and doesn't take much time in the making we recommend No. 2185 which is excellent for afternoon wear, card parties and informal dinners at a friend's home. You can use plain or printed silk crepe or it is good in fine twill with a lace or batiste vest.

No. 2185—Pretty Design—The pattern No. 2185 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material is required. Price 15c.

No. 2181—Lines That Slenderize—This design, the patterns for which cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, exploits the popular use of pleats, making it a particularly becoming style for the woman who has put on pounds. In the 36-inch size, 5¼ yards of 40-inch material is required. Price 15c.

No. 2172—For Small Girl—This cunning little style, patterns for which cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years, would be attractive made in wool or cotton crepe, chambray or gingham. Jersey and serge are also suggested for wear on chilly days. In the 4-year size, 1½ yards of 40-inch material with 8¼ yards of braid is required. The dress can be made with either long or short sleeves. 15c.



No. 2189—Fall Model—As slender as Dame Fashion bids us to be, are the lines of this new style, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 2⅞ yards of 44-inch material is required. Price 15c.

No. 2195—Slip-on—A straight, little slip-on made on boyish lines is about the smartest frock you could wish for right now. Make this design No. 2195, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, in alpaca, twill, rep cloth, one of the new novelty woolens, a Roman-striped silk or satin and wear one of the new suede belts with it. In the 36-inch size this dress takes 3 yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 15c.

No. 2196—Smart Style—Very new and becoming, too, are the lines of this style No. 2196, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard 32-inch contrasting is required. A fine twill with checked silk trimming would be smart, or you might make the dress of Jersey in a light shade and the trimming of a darker coloring. Crepe back satin, silk crepe and alpaca are also suitable materials. Price 15c.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF — **Jeff Will Always Listen to Reason** — **By "BUD" FISHER**

JEFF, WHO ARE YOU GONNA VOTE FOR FOR PRESIDENT IN NOVEMBER?
A PERSONAL QUESTION, I CALLS IT, BUT I'M GONNA VOTE FOR DAVIS!
AND I'M GONNA VOTE FOR CAL! THAT BEING THE CASE THERE AIN'T NO USE OF US GOING TO THE POLLS ON ELECTION DAY!
HOW'S THAT?
WELL, MY VOTE WILL CANCEL YOUR VOTE, AND VICE VERSA!
QUITE SO, QUITE SO!
NOW WE CAN PLAY POOL ALL ELECTION DAY! WE'LL HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO!
I AIN'T SO SURE ABOUT THAT!
IF I'M APPROACHED IN THE RIGHT WAY I MAY VOTE FOR LA FOLLETTE!
?

U. S. SNIPERS SPY ON EASTERN PLAY

Show Discredits Service With Uncle Sam, Observers Say.

Federal action against the Broadway success, "What Price Glory," as a violation of the national defense act, was talked of by the United States district attorney's office last week.

General Robert L. Bullard, commander of the second corps area, U. S. A., and Admiral Charles F. Plunkett, commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard, were declared to have demanded that immediate steps be taken against producers of the play. According to members of the federal attorney's staff, the general and the admiral complained that the play, with its profanity-besprinkled portrayal of life with the marines abroad during the World war "curtails enlistments and in that way violates the national defense act."

This was the latest development in Major Hylan's move to institute police censorship of all New York theaters aimed at eliminating "nudity, obscenity and indency" from the local stage. It was indicated that the demands of Admiral Plunkett and General Bullard solved the mystery surrounding the motive for the Hylan move.

The week also brought forth the publication of a report signed by a naval intelligence inspector under nom de plume, "Peterkin," and purporting to be a rehearsal of observational features seen and heard by "Peterkin" who, with Colonel James Justice of the army intelligence service, and two department of justice operatives attended "What Price Glory" unexpurgated.

No Immediate Action.

That Major General Bullard and Admiral Plunkett had placed the matter in the hands of federal authorities was revealed by J. M. Wolff, assistant U. S. district attorney, whose chief, William Hayward, was a the Republican state convention n Rochester.

"If we proceed against 'What Price Glory,' we will do so under section 125 of the national defense act, which in substance prohibits any one wearing the uniform of the army, navy or marines but an enlisted man or an officer in the service.

Says Play Discredits Service.

"There is, however, an exception which permits the uniform to be worn on the stage provided there is nothing done in connection with its use which might tend to bring discredit upon those branches of the service.

"The assertion is made by the officers of the army and navy in this area that the play curtails enlistments and in that way violates the statute. Arthur Hopkins, the producer, voluntarily gave me the manuscripts at my request and asked that I give him a hearing before taking legal action. I expect to see him before anything is done."

Injunction to Test British Dry Pact

In an attempt to test the constitutionality of the treaty with Great Britain, permitting her ships to bring liquor into American ports, the Neptune association, an organization of American deck officers, last week sought injunctions restraining the Cunard line and the masters of seven of its vessels from bringing liquor within the jurisdiction of the United States.

The suit, which was filed within the jurisdiction of the United States district court, asks that all liquor brought into this port be seized.

The complainants allege that the treaty negotiated by the President and ratified under a pretense of constitutional ratification, was illegally negotiated and ratified. The complainants further say that the pact is unconstitutional and discriminatory against American ships which are not permitted to carry liquor.

Eczema

OH! The joy of a peaceful, restful night. What a wonderful "up and going" feeling follows such a night of undisturbed slumber.

Oh! What tortures—what agony—what despair—goes with the nights where eczema and other skin diseases hold power and drive away rest and peaceful slumber. For under the cover of darkness like crafty beings of the underworld these eruptions work their most serious havoc.

S.S.S. is the established conqueror of these annoying skin diseases. S.S.S. drives these ever disturbing elements from your system—elements that carry in their wake—lack of energy—undermining health! You may try in vain to get rid of them by using salves, lotions, washes, all to no purpose. You can't do it that way—the seat of the trouble lies deeper—impure blood trying to throw off poisons through the tender skin.

S.S.S. purifies the blood. It aids Nature in creating new red-blood-cells by the million! Blood-cells that send new rich blood coursing through your system. Red blood that drives away eczema—drives away pimples, blackheads, boils and rheumatism, too. An increase in red-blood-cells means added strength, added vitality and renewed vigor. Because the medicinal ingredients of S.S.S. are purely vegetable, it may be taken with perfect safety. Start taking S.S.S. today and watch it rout that annoying, skin destroying, health undermining army that holds your system in its grasp! Learn again what it means to enjoy peaceful, restful nights of slumber.

S.S.S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

Powerful Katrinka's Little Brother

LAST WEEK THE LITTLE SCORPIONS CLUB STAVED OFF AN ATTACK BY MICKEY MCGUIRE'S GANG BY SIMPLY HAVING THE POWERFUL KATRINKA'S LITTLE BROTHER GO OUT AND EMPTY THE GARBAGE BARREL THE WAY HE HAD DONE IT ONCE BEFORE.
"SAY! MCGUIRE DOES THAT GUY FIGHT ON THEIR SIDE?
LOT SALE
(Copyright, 1924, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SAVANT SEES MONGOLIA AS CRADLE OF LIFE

Professor Peter Kozloff, Russian explorer, has discovered many skeletons of hitherto unknown animals and many human remains which lead him to believe that Mongolia may have been the birthplace of man and the point of origin of a considerable part of the animal and reptile world.

Among the fossils already unearthed by Professor Kozloff and his assistants are those of 25 quadrupeds of undesignated species, 150 birds of varying sizes, 100 reptiles and fishes and more than 1,000 insects of giant size.

Former Finds Recalled.

It will be recalled that Professor Kozloff last June discovered several remarkable tombs belonging to Chinese emperors and princes who ruled Mongolia at a time ante-dating the Pharaoh Tutankhamen of Egypt. It will also be remembered that Professor Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, startled the scientific world last year by discovering nests of dinosaur eggs and showed that the central Asian plateau is a veritable paleontological Garden of Eden.

More remarkable perhaps than Kozloff's discovery of animal and human fossils is the fact that he also has found in one of the royal tombs bricks of compressed tea and grains of wheat still fit for human consumption, despite the fact that they have lain in the tombs many thousands of years.

Excellent Silk Found.

In another section of this district Professor Kozloff excavated the grave of a woman of the nobility, containing a number of bronze articles of exquisite craftsmanship and several silk tapestries of superb texture, which depict Greek and Roman figures on horseback.

The nature of his discoveries is so important that the Russian scientist has decided to remain in Mongolia indefinitely, postponing until next year his expedition in Tibet to resume exploration work in the forgotten city of Kharakhoto, which he unearthed several years ago. Three archaeologists and biologists are enroute here from Leningrad to assist Professor Kozloff.

Andrews to Explore.

Professor Andrews is in Mongolia to make the diplomatic arrangements for the third Asiatic expedition of the American Museum, which will comprise more than a dozen American scientists and a staff of 40 other Americans.

When these arrangements are concluded the members of the expedition will start on their long journey across the vast Gobi desert in specially constructed cars. A caravan of 200 camels will precede the party, leaving China early in November, and the expedition is expected to be well under way by early spring.

Professor Andrews and his assistants will continue their excavations east of the Altai mountains in an endeavor to confirm the theory that the Central Asian plateau is the cradle of the human race.

FAVORS YANKEES IN JERUSALEM

Palestine Accords U. S. Citizens Many Special Privileges.

Citizens of the United States living in Palestine are accorded privileges above those citizens of states who are members of the League of Nations. This is true now pending American ratification of the British mandate for Palestine, but will probably cease to be the case after the United States government will have signed the convention recognizing the mandate. The convention, it is believed, will obtain for Americans in Palestine the same rights as fall to subjects of states who are league members, but no more. The status of Americans in Palestine will then probably be the same as in Syria, to the French mandate for which the United States was reported recently to have agreed.

For the present Americans there enjoy the rights of capitulations which, before the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, all great powers insisted on maintaining for their citizens. America has not renounced its capitulatory rights in Palestine, and the American consul is the only one holding court and trying cases between Americans.

The position of the American consular court in Jerusalem is unique, because it runs parallel with the British system of justice now in force. The British government, however, is not known to have raised any objection to the existence of the consular court. Palestine authorities have even gone out of their way to effect judgments made by the consular court. An American sentenced to prison by the consular court may be locked up in a Palestine jail.

United States Consul Oscar S. Heizer, having received no instructions to the contrary, continues to sit in judgment over American residents who get into trouble, but he is not sure how long this condition will continue.

FIRST CONGRESS IS RE-ENACTED

Philadelphia Celebrates 150th Anniversary in Historic Hall.

The celebration of the 150th anniversary of the meeting of the first Continental congress and the 200th anniversary of the founding of the Carpenters' Company, in whose historical hall the patriots met to discuss the relations of the colonies with the mother country, was held in Philadelphia last week. A colorful two days' program, which opened in Carpenters' Hall and ended at historic Valley Forge, has been arranged. The central figure of the celebration was President Coolidge, who delivered an address.

Carpenters' Hall, well preserved through the interest of the Carpenters' Company which still exists, stands almost hidden between tall buildings between Third and Chestnut streets. It was here congress assembled in September, 1774, after the patriots had met in the City Tavern and found that place too small for the purposes of the meeting. They marched from the tavern to Carpenters' Hall and prominent in the procession were Colonel Washington, John and Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry and Peyton Randolph who was made president of the congress.

The congress continued in session until Oct. 26, and during its life issued a declaration of the rights and grievances of the colonies.

CROWN PRINCE ANGERS KAISER

Ex-German Emperor Shows Hatred for His Unyielding Son.

Life at the Chateau of Doorn has become, particularly during the past few months, extremely animated. Every day, almost, sees the arrival of fine automobiles bringing princes, ex-ambassadors, former ministers and generals who had served under the old monarchial regime in Germany. Some of the visitors leave after a day or two, but others prolong their stay, residing for the time being in expensive "pensions" where they make an ostentatious display of their war decorations, and pay almost daily visits in full dress uniform to the ex-kaiser.

The former emperor appears to be doing everything possible to entertain and attract to himself the sympathies of all German monarchist and military circles. His consort, Hermine, who burns with the desire and hope of one day becoming empress of Germany, seconds her husband in these efforts in the most active manner, and with all the grace at her command, by holding grand receptions and entertainments.

All these activities have for their principal object, according to what is related in the best informed quarters, to counteract similar ambitious projects entertained by the former crown prince. It is even said that the rivalry between father and son has developed recently into a state of latent warfare, pursued mercilessly on both sides.

The activity displayed since his return to Germany by the former crown prince in political circles, especially among the Nationalists and Monarchists and the younger generation of militarists, rumors of which reach the ex-kaiser from Berlin, serve to render the latter furious against his son. The prince, on his side, is said to show but little of either respect or admiration for the personages of the old regime and its time-honored traditions.

Dutch Windmills Go

The old windmills of Holland, pactured in so many Dutch landscapes, are slowly but surely going down before modern machinery. They did their work well, and were picturesque, but the electric pump is even more efficient, and its advent is making the windmill a thing of the past.

CONGRESSMAN INDICTED IN EAST

Faces Charges of Making Wine and Cider; Test Case Planned.

Representative John Philip Hill was indicted last week by the federal grand jury on a charge of manufacturing and unlawfully possessing wine and cider at his home in Baltimore and with maintaining a public nuisance thereby.

The indictment, which contains six counts, is a result of his avowed efforts during the last two years to obtain a definition of the term "non-intoxicating cider and fruit juices," in section 29 of the Volstead act. Mr. Hill contended that under it farmers were allowed to make cider with an alcoholic content of more than one-half of one per cent while city dwellers were restricted to beer of just that percentage.

In Sept., 1923, Representative Hill manufactured fruit wine at his residence on West Franklin street, after notifying Prohibition Commissioner Haynes of his intention and requesting that he be informed when to stop fermentation. Following this, a temporary injunction upon his home was procured. No date, however, has been set for a hearing on the petition of District Attorney Woodcock for a permanent injunction.

Experimenting again Mr. Hill several weeks ago decided to make cider. He did so from apples grown on his property, he said, and allowed it to attain an alcoholic strength of 2.75 per cent. This cider was served to several hundred friends at a "party" recently, and the indictment is the outcome. The congressman has not been arrested and will not be, federal authorities said, until the day of his trial, as they are certain he can be found when they want him.

The indictment charges Mr. Hill with: Manufacture of 25 gallons of wine at his home on Sept. 27, 1923; unlawful possession of wine on the same date; manufacture of 30 gallons of cider at his home on Sept. 16, 1924; unlawful possession of cider on the same date; the last two counts charge him with maintaining a common nuisance at his home by manufacturing the wine and the cider.

EDGE IS VICTOR IN JERSEY VOTE

Dry Forces Decisively Defeated in Senatorial Contest.

United States Senator Walter E. Edge decisively uefeated Hamilton F. Kean for the Republican nomination for United States senator in the New Jersey primaries, leading his opponent by 52,138 votes when returns from 2,303 out of 2,559 election districts were tabulated. The vote was: Edge, 209,061; Kean, 156,923.

Edge's victory was considered as a victory for the so-called liberal elements. Kean was supported by the Anti-Saloon league. The fight was a bitter one, with the prohibition question as perhaps the foremost issue.

Edge's supporters had openly declared that Kean had the general following of the klan. The winner also was opposed by the American Federation of Labor. Kean frequently asserted in the campaign that Edge had failed to stand by President Coolidge and that a change of party control was necessary.

Senator Edge's victory will mark the beginning of another hard fight to be decided in November, it was admitted. The Rev. Dr. James K. Shields, former superintendent of the State Anti-Saloon league, will be an independent candidate for senator in addition to Mayor F. W. Donnelly, Trenton, Democrat, and George L. Record, Jersey City, Independent Progressive and adherent of Senator LaFollette.

The first woman to enter congress from New Jersey may have appeared in Mrs. Mary T. Norton, vice chairman of the state Democratic committee, who was unopposed for the nomination in a district which is normally Democratic.

MAPS 2 ROUTES FOR DIRIGIBLE

Department Takes Weather Into Consideration on Coast Flight.

Alternative routes to be taken by the naval air cruiser Shenandoah, depending upon weather conditions on her western trip, beginning Oct. 3, were made public recently by the navy department.

The tour has been divided into three sections: Lakehurst to Fort Worth, Texas, thence to San Diego, and finally to Seattle, the western terminal. The route to be taken to each point, however, varies dependent upon weather conditions reported ahead.

The "good weather route" for the first section will be Lakehurst to York, Pa., to Cumberland, Maryland; to Dayton, O.; to Paducah, Ky.; to Little Rock, Ark.; to Fort Worth, Texas.

The "good weather" route to San Diego will take in Abilene, Texas; Midland, Texas; Barstow, El Paso, Tuscon, Arizona; Yuma, Arizona; Elcentro, California and San Diego.

The "bad weather route" for the first section would be: Lakehurst to Dover, Delaware; Richmond, Va.; Winston-Salem, N. C.; Atlanta, Ga.; Birmingham, Ala.; to Fort Worth, Texas. In the second section the only change would be from Yuma, the alternative route going by San Jacinto, California, instead of Elcentro.

Estimated to cover between 3,900 and 4,000 miles of cruising in either case, the department announced the trip would be made "as expeditiously as possible.

Between 106 and 121 hours will be spent in the air, the variance being allowed for the character of winds encountered.

The Latest Markets

Increasing activity with a gradually advancing price level, featured the stock, bond and cotton markets last week. Spectacular rallies in a number of the so-called special stocks in the listed market carried prices to new high levels for the year. Sales on the New York exchange in three sessions approximated 1,000,000 shares each, in sharp contrast to the records of the week previous, when sales dwindled to about half a million shares.

Later in the week, the idea prevailed that the market had been pushed ahead, at too fast a pace, and stocks were offered for sale in large volume. Speculative long traders who had accumulated a modest amount of paper profits were ready to convert them into cash.

Among the more important industrial and economic developments in the week were the evidences of increasing freight traffic in the country, an evidence of the larger movement of goods from producing to consuming points, the growing firmness in money markets, the slight decline of crude oil production in the United States, further deterioration in the cotton crop as reported in the government's mid-month survey, and the moderate decline in prices of important commodities. Some of the more important industries, like motor car manufacturing and steel and iron production, reported additions to current production, through considerable confusion exists in the steel trade because of the necessity of devising new price schedules following abandonment of the Pittsburgh plus price method.

Heavy buying of the motor stocks resulted in the gradual boosting of prices of popular issues as well as the high priced stocks like Nash and Mack Trucks. Studebaker made a new high for the year at 42. Industrial leaders like United States Steel, Baldwin, American Can and General Electric took an important part in the rally in prices in the first two sessions of the week, but the withdrawal of professional buying and the return of large speculators to the short side of the market resulted in a sharp decline in the same stocks later.

Activity in railroad stocks was confined to a few of the low priced shares like St. Louis Southwestern, Frisco common and preferred, Peoria and Eastern, New Haven, etc. Southern Railway returned to the active list and on a heavy volume of sales equaled its best previous record for the year. Oil stocks were again under pressure, particularly the independent shares. Both in the curb market, where the bulk of Standard Oil shares are traded, and on the Stock Exchange, the Standard stocks reflected the strong financial position of the companies. Cosden, Phillips and some of the independents were sold on reports that new financing was contemplated, but no official statements were forthcoming.

A plentiful supply of money and speculative demand seemed to be the main support of the speculative market.

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, No. 2, red, $1.40@1.41. Corn, cash, No. 2, yellow, $1.20@1.21; No. 3, yellow, $1.19@1.20. Oats, cash, No. 2, white, new, 52½@53½c; No. 3, white, new, 51½@52½c. Barley, cash, No. 2, 92c. Rye, cash, No. 2, $1.15. Cloverseed, cash, $17.30; Oct., $18.50; Dec., $17.70. Alsike, cash, new, $12.10; old, $11.60; Oct., $12.10. Timothy, cash, $3.50; Oct., $3.40.

Chicago—Wheat, Sept., $1.34⅞; Dec., $1.38⅝; May, $1.44⅛. Corn, Sept., $1.14¼; Dec., $1.10¾; May, $1.13⅛. Oats, Sept., 49c; Dec., 52⅝c; May, 57c. Rye, Sept., $1.14⅛; Dec., $1.15⅝; May, $1.19⅝.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 41c; solid pack, 40c; nut margarine, 26@26½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 27@28c; Michigan, 24@24½c; Longhorn, 27@28c; limburger, 27@28c.

Eggs—Candled, 41c; selects, 46c.

Bacon—Fat, 18c; lean, 28½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 22c; 9 to 10 lbs., 21c; 11 to 12 lbs., 20c; 13 to 15 lbs., 19c. Hams—21c. Lard—16½c.

Beef—Select prime steers, 14@15c; common, 10@12c; cows, 7@8c; common, 6@7c; heifers, 10@12c; bulls, 7@8c; canners, 3@4c. Calves—Prime, 16@17c; common, 13@14c. Hogs—Light, 14@15c; heavy, 11@12c; stags, 7@8c; sows, 10@11c. Sheep and lambs—Spring lambs, pelt off, 20@22c; light sheep, 10@12c; heavy, 4@5c; yearling lambs, 14@15c.

Live Poultry—Ducks—17@18c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, 23@25c; hens, 24@26c; light hens, 16@18c; good broilers, 23@25c; Leghorn broilers, 20@22c; roosters, 14@15c.

Hides—No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; bull, 5c; green calf, No. 1, 18c; No. 2, 14½c; kip, 12c; No. 2 kip 10½c; cured hides, No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 7c; horse hides, $3.00.

Cleveland—Butter, extra, in tub lots, 39½@40½c; extra firsts, 36½@37½c; firsts, 35½@36½c; packing stock, 27@28c; standard, 37½@38½c; prints, 1c extra. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 48c; extra firsts, 46c; Ohio firsts, 42c; western firsts, 41½c. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 25c; high grade, made of animal oil, 27@28c; lower grades, 20@21c. Cheese—Old York state, new, 25@27c; limburger, 24@26c; brick, 26@28c; fancy Swiss, new, 28@40c; imported, 55c. Poultry—Live, heavy fat fowls, 26@27c; mediums, 24@25c; heavy springers, 26c; light springers, 25@26c; spring ducks, 21@22c; old ducks, 18@22c; Leghorn springers, 19@21c; roosters, 14c; Leghorn fowls, 15@17c; geese, 19@22c. Potatoes—Virginia, No. 1, best, $1.75@2.85 per cloth top stave barrel; 150-pound sacks, $1.75@2.25. Sweet potatoes, $4.75@5.50 barrel, $1.00@2.15 per hamper.

Chicago—Poultry, alive, higher; fowls, 16@23c; springs, 22½c; roosters, 14½c. Potatoes, slightly weaker receipts, 117 cars; Minnesota sacked sand land Ohios, 85@90c; sacked round whites, $1.00@1.10; Minnesota and North Daktota sacked Red rived Ohios, $1.00; Wisconsin sacked and bulk round whites, $1.00@1.10; few, $1.15. Butter easy; creamery extras, 35½@34½c; standards, 34c; extra firsts, 33½@34½c; firsts, 31½@32½c; seconds, 30@30½c. Eggs, unchanged; receipts, 10,336 cases; firsts, 36@41c; ordinary firsts, 32@35c.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Cattle—Receipts, 1,500; slow and dull; choice yearlings, $9.00@10.00; fair to good, $7.00@8.00; choice handyweight butcher steers, $7.00@8.00; fair to good, $5.35@6.25; choice heavy steers, $8.00@9.00; fair to good heavy and plain steers, $6.00@6.75; common and light butcher steers, $4.00@5.50; choice heifers, $6.00@7.25; fair to good heifers, $4.00@5.00; choice butcher cows, $4.50@5.50; fair to good, $3.00@4.00; common cows, canners and cutters, $2.00@2.25; choice handyweight bulls, $5.00@5.50; choice heavy bulls, $5.00@5.25; common and bologna bulls, $4.00@4.75. Calves—Receipts, 900; 50c higher; good to choice veal calves, $13.00@14.00; fair to good, $4.00@8.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,500; steady; good to choice spring lambs, $12.75@13.25; fair to good, $9.00@10.50; good to choice sheep, $5.00@6.50; good to choice ewes, $3.00@4.50; common, $1.50@2.50. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; 15@25c higher; mixed, $11.00@11.10; pigs and lights, $10.00; roughs, $8.50; stags, $6.00.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Hogs—Receipts, 29,000; desirable grades fairly active, 10@20c higher; others slow; light receipts, top, $10.70; good and choice 160 to 230 pounds, $10.10@10.60; better 140 to 150-pound averages mostly $9.60@10.00; desirable weighty choice strong weight slaughter pigs, $8.75@9.25. Cattle—Receipts, 19,000; better grades fed steers and yearlings, 10@15c higher; others uneven; steady to strong; top yearlings, $11.50; handyweight up to $11.25; plain heavy steers, mostly stale kind cashing at $8.25@9.50; latter price taking well fleshed arrivals; choice heavies held above $10.50; yearlings and handyweight steers getting first call generally; inbetween grades fat she stock slow, comparatively narrow demand for weighty Kosher cows; desirable beef heifers stronger; bulk bologna bulls, $4.00@4.35; vealers uneven, weak to 25c lower; bulk to packers, $11.00@11.25; several choice lots, $11.50; outsiders buying sparingly; stockers and feeders unevenly higher; run includes about 3,500 western grassers; feeder dealers taking kind suitable for further finish at $5.25@6.50 mostly. Sheep—Receipts, 30,000; active; fat lambs steady; sorting moderate; bulk desirable natives, $12.50@13.00; few to outsiders, $13.25; culls mostly $9.50; good to choice rangers, $12.75@13.00; best held above $13.25; sheep steady; bulk fat ewes, $4.75@6.50; feeding lambs active; fully steady; good to choice offerings, $12.50@13.00.

Indianapolis—Hogs—Receipts, 7,500; steady; best, 10c higher; heavies, $10.60@10.70; lights, $10.80; top $20.80; pigs, best grade, $10.25@10.50. Cattle—Receipts, 800; steady; steers, $6.50@9.50; beef cows, $3.50@5.50; heifers, $5.00@9.00. Calves—Receipts, 900; steady; veals, $8.50@13.00; closed weak. Sheep—Receipts, 300; steady; sheep, $6.00; down; lambs, $8.00@12.50.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500; good grades active and 10@25c higher; common, steady; shipping steers, $9.00@10.00; butchers, $7.00@9.25; yearlings, $8.50@10.50; heifers, $5.00@8.00; fair to choice cows, $3.00@6.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@3.00; bulls, $3.00@5.50; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.50; fresh cows and springers active and steady, $35.00@115.00 per head. Calves—Receipts, 1,500; active and 50c higher; choice, $13.00@13.50; fair to good, $11.00@12.50; culls, $6.00@10.50; heavy, $6.00@8.00; grassers, $3.00@5.00. Hogs—Receipts, 10,400; active, 25@35c higher; heavy, $11.25; mixed and yorkers, $11.15@11.25; light yorkers, $9.75@11.25; pigs, $9.50@9.75; roughs, $7.75@9.00; stags, $4.00@5.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000; active and 25c higher; lambs, $7.00@13.50; yearlings, $7.00@10.00; wethers, $7.00@7.50; ewes, $2.00@6.50; mixed sheep, $6.50@7.00.

Pittsburgh—Cattle—Receipts, 2,300; steers, $8.75@9.25; heifers, $6.00@7.00; cows, $4.50@5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 8,300; slow; heavies, $10.80@10.90; heavy yorkers, $11.10@11.15; light yorkers, $9.50@10.00; pigs, $8.50@9.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,500; steady; top sheep, $7.50; top lambs, $13.50. Calves—Receipts, 1,000; steady; top, $13.00.

WOULD DEPORT REDS TO MOSCOW

Former Governor Suggests Bill Haywood as One Striking Example.

Former Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas would send to Russia, Turkey or Germany every discontented American who is advocating a change in the American form of government to see how the proposed changes are actually being worked out, he said in an address in Chicago.

Mr. Allen, who returned recently from a trip through the countries he mentioned, spoke before the members of the Advertising Specialty association in convention.

"I wish," the former governor said, "that we could send to Russia, for a cure, every Red in America, and make him live there until he could learn by actual experience what Emma Goldman and Bill Haywood have learned about the relative blessings of bolshevism, and personal liberty under the constitution of the United States.

"I wish we might send to Turkey every man in this country who desires to wipe out the constitutional checks and balances of the United States and let him get his fill of that freedom under the government of a 'sublime national assembly,' where his dearest rights would be passed upon by a congress made up of self-chosen leaders of a revolution.

"I wish we could send for a finishing course every discontented American labor leader to Germany, where he might compare the rewards of life in a land where the discontented rule, with this well balanced country where law and order are the program guaranteed by the majority under a people's constitution."

Nearly half the potential water power in the world is in tropical Africa, only a small part of which is developed. Asia ranks second, with North America, South America and Europe following in the order named, while the water power of Australia is very small.

MONEY IN GRAIN

$12.50 buys guarantee option on 10,000 bushels of wheat or corn. *No Further Risk.* A movement of 5c from option price gives you an opportunity to take $500; 4c, $400; 3c, $300, etc. WRITE TODAY FOR PARTICULARS and FREE MARKET LETTER.

Investors Daily Guide, S. W. Branch, Dept. C-18 10x6 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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WOMEN WANTED TO REPRESENT Priscilla Dress fabrics, dry goods, handkerchiefs, etc. Pleasant work. Good pay. Beautiful samples, instructions furnished. Fitzcharles Co., Trenton, N. J.

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AGENTS—New Profitable Plan. Big permanent income selling rugs factory prices. Free outfit now. Write Maisley-Payne Mfg. Co., 400 Sudbury St., Boston.

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TAILORING SALESMEN to join our Prosperous Sales Force. Earn $75-$125 weekly from the start, selling the Biggest and Fastest selling line, 300 All Wool Fabrics and all Accessories free. Satisfaction guaranteed or no sale. Experience helpful but not necessary—we teach you. Write for line today. Address Salesmanager Art P. Adams, Box 483, Chicago, Ill. Ambitious men can become State Managers.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

EARN MONEY AT HOME, making handbags. Instructions 50c or sample handbag $1.50. Mrs. E. I. Long, Etna, N. C.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—How and where to find them. Particulars for 2c. Model Co., Dept. 16, Como Bldg., Chicago.

MEXICAN PRESIDENT OFFERS GLAD HAND TO AMERICAN GOLD

President Obregon has issued an invitation to American capital to enter Mexico for the development of her natural resources. This invitation was issued in the course of a speech delivered by the Mexican executive during a farewell luncheon extended by him to the American industrial mission at the government military factory.

The invitation was qualified, however, by an accompanying statement that Mexico would welcome only that capital which would take into consideration the welfare of its employes.

"We want American capital to enter Mexico for development purposes," Obregon said. "And for it we will have a hearty welcome. But we do not want capital which comes from trusts which have no consideration for the welfare of workingmen.

"We want capital that is willing to be ruled by modern morals.

"Please take back to the United States the message that if Americans extend a hand to us in friendship they will find our hands eagerly stretched out to grasp them."

President Obregon said that while Mexico realizes the need of foreign capital the people do not wish the national riches to pass into hands that will use them against the interests of the working classes. In his closing sentences President Obregon stated that much Mexican blood had been shed for revolutionary ideals and, should any criminal hands be outstretched to tear them down, much more blood would be offered in their defense.

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PROPHET WRONG; QUAKE IS 'FAKED'

Disturbance Reported in Balkans Unregistered, Say Experts.

A false report of an earthquake, issued apparently for the purpose of attempting to justify a faulty seismic prediction, is interesting scientists in Washington. Rome dispatches published in the United States and in Europe early in June announced the receipt at the Italian capital of reports from Jugoslavia of a sharp earthquake in the Balkans, where, it was stated, houses were crumbled and some casualties occurred. The reports said the center of the earth movement seemed to be near Mostar, Herzegovina.

Prof. G. Agamennone, director of the Italian national seismological observatory at Rocca di Papa, near Rome, has communicated with the Georgetown university seismological observatory, saying the earth movement was not recorded in Italy, where any such quake would have registered on seismographs, and that, in reply to a letter, the director of the observatory at Belgrade, Serbia, stated no such earthquake was recorded there on the date in question.

A Croatian newspaper pointed out in connection with the report that the alleged earthquake fulfilled one of the predictions made by Raphael Bendandi, a Faenza seismologist, that the Balkan peninsula, from Monday, June 9, and thenceforth, would receive many shocks from earthquakes, especially the districts of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Lotta Crabtree, Rich Actress, Dies in Boston

Lotta Crabtree, 77, retired actress, who 30 years ago was reputed to be the richest individual in stage life, died Sept. 25 in the hotel which she had made her Boston home since her retirement at the height of her career in 1891.

Miss Crabtree had been in failing health since 1922. Up to that time she had taken active charge of her large estate and since then had continued to direct real estate transactions and investments through her attorney.

Pershing to Receive Full Pay for Life

General Pershing, as a retired army officer, will receive the same pay and allowances that were his in active service, under a decision handed down by Comptroller General McCarl.

The decision confirmed one by Major General Bethel, judge advocate general of the army, which held that the act of congress appointing Pershing general of the armies provided full pay for life.

FATHER WANTS SON DEFEATED

Candidate Says Father Is Seeing Prohibition in Wrong Light.

In an open letter to Minnesota voters, the Rev. T. M. C. Birmingham of Milford, Neb., has appealed for the defeat of his son, Merle Birmingham, Minneapolis candidate for the United States senate from Minnesota, on a beer-wine platform.

The Rev. Mr. Birmingham said that he deplored the candidacy of his son on a plank providing "not the liberty of the gospel, but the kind that permits transgression and wrong-doing," and he asked that the voters give the younger man a "good square knockout blow."

In a reply, Merle Birmingham said that his father's position was "a consistent one for him to take. I believe," he said, "that my father and I are working to achieve the same end—temperance—but as we are looking through a glass, darkly, our methods of achievement differ. My purpose in making this campaign is not to open the 'broad pathway that leads to destruction,' or an imaginary 'bottomless pit,' but to give to the voters an opportunity to express their convictions on the subject; to indicate whether they desire a continuation of the present farce of prohibition enforcement or whether they desire sane and lawful regulation of the temperance cause and the indication of respect for the laws of the country."

Turks Seek Education

Robert college and Constantinople college have opened their fall terms with large increases in attendance, those matriculating including many Turkish students.

Rheumatism

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In the year of 1893, I was attacked by Muscular and Sub-Acute Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who are thus afflicted know for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, but such relief as I obtained was only temporary. Finally I found a treatment that cured me completely and such a pitiful condition has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, even bedridden, some of them 70 to 80 years old, and the results were the same as in my own case.

I want every sufferer from any form of muscular and sub-acute (swelling at the joints) rheumatism, to try the great value of my improved "Home Treatment" for its remarkable healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address, and I will send it free to try. After you have used it, and it has proven itself to be that long looked for means of getting rid of such forms of rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one Dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when relief is thus offered you free. Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 121-K Durston Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

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PERIL TO U. S. SEEN IN FIGHT ON HIGH COURT

Coolidge Reviews Work of First Congress, Warning Nation Against Idle Experiments.

President Coolidge commemorated the 150th anniversary of the meeting of the first Continental congress in Philadelphia last week with an appeal that people "resist the encroachments on the constitution written by our fathers.

These encroachments, the President said, are found in proposals for government ownership of railroads and for limitation of the powers of the supreme court.

The President drew vigorous applause when he warned that "if we wish to maintain what our fathers here established, we shall do well to leave the people in the ownership of their property, in control of their government, and under the protection of their courts."

Quaker City Visit Brief.

Mr. Coolidge drove through lanes of cheering citizens to and from the hall where he spoke. The visit, however, was brief, the President arriving just before the hour set for him; to speak, and returning to the train for the trip back to Washington immediately on the close of the exercises in the Academy of Music.

Reviewing at some length the early history of the nation, the President said that in connection with the meeting of the first Continental congress that "if we could better understand what they said and did to establish our free institutions, we should be less likely to be misled by the representations and arguments of the hour."

Means Tax Increase.

Assailing the suggestion for ownership of railroads, as uneconomic, Mr. Coolidge said that "in a republic like ours the people are the government and if they cannot secure perfection in their own economic life, it is altogether improbable that the government can secure it for them." Such ownership, he asserted, would result in an increase in the taxes paid by farmers of from 3 to 40 per cent.

"With railways and public utilities under public control," the President continued, "the domination of a group would be so firmly entrenched in the whole direction of our government, that the privilege of citizenship for the rest of the people would consist largely in the payment of taxes."

On the question of curtailing the power of the courts, the President warned that unless the "integrity of the courts" can be maintained as a guarantee of the protection of the individual's rights, "any kind of tyranny may follow."

Protects Rights.

He drew a lesson from the declarations of the congress as showing the "superiority of moderation and candor over violence and deceit in seeking a solution of difficult public questions." The constitution, Mr. Coolidge pointed out, is a device for maintaining in perpetuity the rights of the people, with the ultimate extinction of all privileged classes. "I have mentioned the desirability," he continued, "for the people to keep control of their own government and their own property because I believe that is one of the American ideals of public welfare in harmony with the efforts of the first Continental congress. They objected to small infractions, which would destroy great principles of liberty.

Must Uphold Court Integrity.

"Unless we can maintain the integrity of the courts, where the individual can secure his rights, any kind of tyranny may follow. If the people lose control of the arteries of trade and the natural sources of mechanical power, the nationalization of all industry soon could be expected. Our forefathers were alert to resist all encroachments upon their rights. If we wish to maintain our rights we can do no less.

"Through the breaking down of the power of the courts lies an easy way to the confiscation of the property and the destruction of the liberty of the individual. With railways and electrical utilities under political control, the domination of a group would be so firmly intrenched in the whole direction of our government that the privilege of citizenship for the rest of the people would consist largely in the payment of taxes.

"The fathers sought to escape from any such condition, through the guarantees of our constitution. They put their faith in a free republic. If we wish to maintain what they established, we shall do well to leave the people in the ownership of their property, in control of their government and under the protection of their courts. By a resolute determination to resist all these encroachments we best can show our reverence and appreciation for the men and the work of the first Continental congress."

Nation Has Reserve Power.

Declaring it significant that the first congress "resulted from the voluntary effort on the part of the people to redress their own grievances and remedy their own wrongs," Mr. Coolidge warned that "we pay too little attention to the reserve power of the people to take care of themselves; we are too solicitous for government intervention."

"Every one knows," he added, "that our economic problems are very far from being solved, but we are making progress both in the field of production and distribution. When certain abuses arose we adopted a policy of government regulation and control. I have no doubt that some action of that kind was necessary, and of course such a policy would be continued. But it has not been, nor can it be hoped that it will be, always wisely administered. While it provides some defense against wrong-doing, its restrictions often hamper development and progress, retard enterprise, and when they fail to produce the perfection promised tend to bring the government into discredit.

People Are the Government.

"The real fact is that in a republic like ours the people are government and if they cannot secure perfection in their own economic life it is altogether improbable that the government can secure it for them. The same human nature which presided over private enterprise must be employed for public action. No doubt there are certain municipalities where some public utilities have been managed through public ownership with creditable success. But this is very different from a proposal that the national government should take over railroads and other public utilities. What a strain this would be to our economic system will be realized when it is remembered that public commissions set the value of such utilities at about $35,000,000,000, and that they have about 2,750,000 employes.

"Such an undertaking would mean about $1,750,000,000 annually in bond interest and an operating budget estimated at about $9,000,000,000. These utilities are no longer in the hands of a few, directly or indirectly. They are owned by scores of millions of our inhabitants. It would mean a loss in public revenue estimated at $600,000,000 a year and while in industrial states it might not increase the tax on the farmer more than three or four per cent, in many agricultural counties it would run as high as 40 per cent. When we recall the appalling loss and the difficulty in the management of $3,500,000,000 worth of ships, we undoubtedly should hesitate about taking on 10 times that value in public utilities.

Product of Human Experience.

"But there is no occasion to discuss the details of public ownership. The government of the United States is a device for maintaining in perpetuity the rights of the people, with the ultimate extinction of all privileged classes. It is a constitution which is the product of human experience, with all its toil and suffering, its bloodshed and devastation, its oppression and tyranny, but likewise with all its wisdom, its love of liberty and its determination to follow the truth. The first Continental congress met to redress grievances which were the result of governmental action. The Revolution was fought to resist those same grievances and finally the constitution was adopted to prevent similar imposition ever again being inflicted on the people. They are all in that precious document, these priceless guarantees. The people do not propose again to entrust their government to others, but to retain it under their own control.

"No one can tax them or even propose a tax upon them save themselves and their own representatives. Instead of encroaching upon local assemblies, it guarantees each state a republican form of government. It regulates suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. It protects the home from the uninvited intrusion of the military force of the government. It guards the right of jury trial, and undertakes to make judicial officers independent, impartial and free from every motive to follow any influence save that of the evidence, the law and the truth. These are representative of the great body of our liberties, of which the constitution is the sole source and guarantee.

Government Powers Limited.

"Ours, as you know, is a government of limited powers. The constitution confers the authority for certain acts on the president and the congress and prohibits them from taking other actions. This is done to protect the rights and liberties of the people. The government is limited, only the people are absolute. Whenever the legislative and executive power undertakes to overstep the bounds of its limitations, any person who is injured may resort to the courts for protection and remedy.

"We do not submit the precious rights of the people to the hazard of a prejudiced and irresponsible political determination, but preserve and protect them by an independent and impartial judicial determination. We do not expose the rights of the weak to the danger of being overcome in the public forum by popular uproar, but protect them in the sanctity of the courtroom, where the still, small voice will not fail to be heard.

"An attempt to change this method of procedure is an attempt to put the people again in jeopardy of the impositions and the tyrannies from which the first Continental congress sought to deliver them. The only position that Americans can take is that they are against all despotism, whether it emanate from a monarch, from a parliament, or from a mob.

Reason Has Ruled.

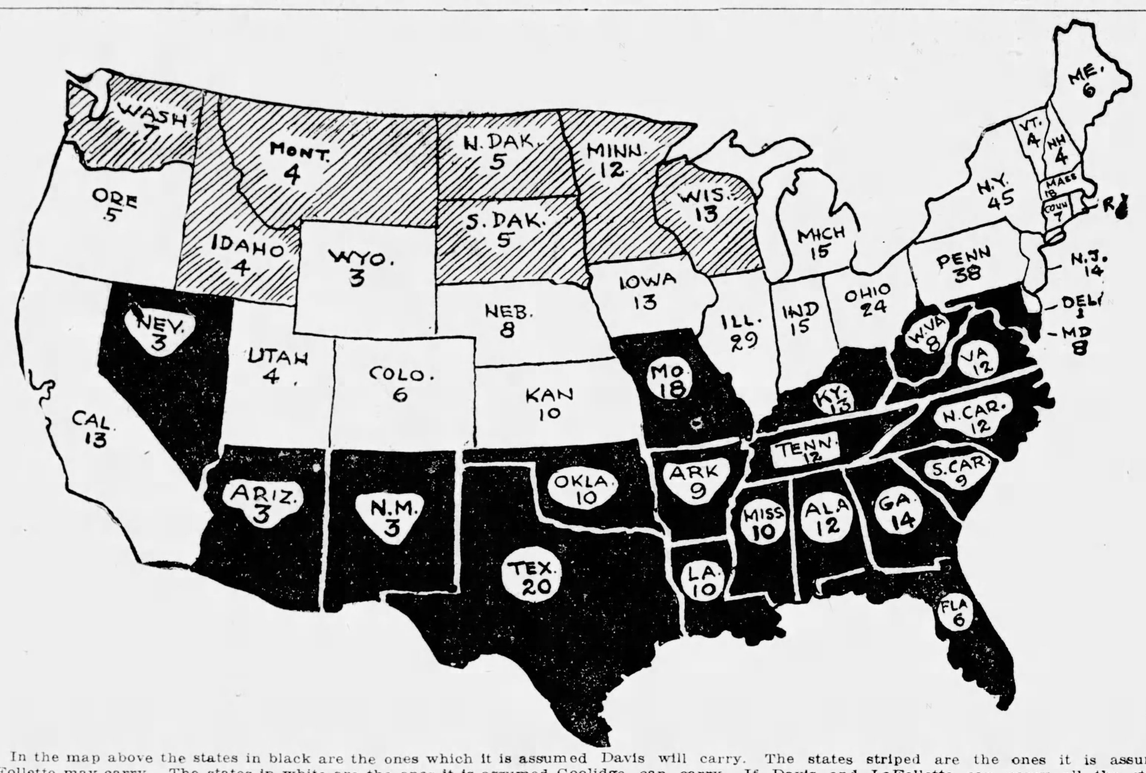
"Almost all our history as an independent and united nation can be traced to the assembling of the first Continental congress, which we are met to celebrate. Our achievements have been wrought by adherence to its policies of reason and restraint, accompanied by firmness and determination. We are not likely to desert that course of action now. The case which the congress stated was unanswerable—one side or the other must give way or maintain its position by force of arms.

"That conflict for which the congress had laid the logical foundation was not long in beginning. Liberty never won a more substantial and far-reaching victory than that which resulted from our Revolutionary war. It established the American nation with all that it has since meant in the accomplishments of the world and all that it holds of future promise. A form of government was organized in harmony with what Franklin had proposed at Albany in 1754. But the constitution was not adopted until various experiments with unworkable systems showed some such action necessary.

Model for World.

"Whatever may be the reputation of that great instrument at home, modified and adapted to local needs it has been adopted as the fundamental law for republics in every quarter of the world. The influence of that great document, framed in Philadelphia in 1787, can be traced in every constitution on earth, from China to Peru, from the Australian commonwealth to the German republic. All bear the same testimony."

How the Election Can Be Thrown Into Congress



In the map above the states in black are the ones which it is assumed Davis will carry. The states striped are the ones it is assumed LaFollette may carry. The states in white are the ones it is assumed Coolidge can carry. If Davis and LaFollette can carry all the states credited to them in this map; and if, in addition, Davis can take away from Coolidge one large state like New York or Ohio or two smaller states like Indiana and New Jersey or any other combination making up 23 electoral votes, or if Davis and LaFollette between them do so—in any of these events Coolidge would fail to win a majority in November and the election would be thrown into congress.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

Baseball history was made in the final complete week of the major league campaigns when the Giants won their fourth consecutive National league pennant and established a new major league record.

The Senators assured themselves of at least a tie in the American league race and had only to win one of the two remaining contests from Boston to give the city of Washington its first pennant.

Brooklyn clinched second place in the National league by winning from Boston Sunday.

New York's triple victory over Pittsburgh, which eliminated the Pirates from the race and virtually insured the utimate victory of the Giants over Brooklyn, was the high spot of the week.

Pittsburgh, by taking two out of three from McGraw's team, would have tied up the race into its final days, but the Giants, with a patched team following upon injuries to Groh and Frisch that will keep these infield stars out for the rest of the season, rallied to win the three games by decisive margins.

The situation in the American league, in which Washington led the Yankees by two games throughout a gruelling five days, took a sensational turn on Friday as the Senators lost to Boston and their lead was cut to one contest. Saturday, however, the fading world champions were beaten by Philadelphia and apparently lost their slim chance of success, as Washington won again.

Unusual pitching and slugging was again lacking. Walter Johnson, after winning his 14th consecutive game on Monday, was beaten by the Red Sox on Friday and left the game with an injured elbow which may affect the fortunes of the Senators in the world series, if it does not round to shape.

Dazzy Vance won his 28th game of the season Sunday.

Babe Ruth, whose failure to add to his home run total during the last two weeks, has been reflected in the faltering of his team, which lost most of its games during that time by one run, was again blocked from his long hits by opposing pitchers.

Only two homers were made in the American league during the week, while 22 were made in the National. Four of these were delivered by the Giants at critical moments in the Pirate series.

Detroit, although out of the race, won all of its games during the week and increased its winning streak in seven contests.

STONE ORDERS QUICK DRY SALES

Attorney General to Stop Spigots by Immediate Disposals.

United States attorneys hereafter must dispose of confiscated liquor immediately after courts decree its confiscation, under orders issued by Attorney General Stone in an effort to check leakage from seized stocks in storage.

It has been the practice to sell the confiscated stocks to purchasers entitled to possess liquor and turn the proceeds into the treasury, but the method has not always worked out satisfactorily, it was said, since delays in disposing of it, amounting sometimes to a year, have given time to theft or fraud. Mr. Stone is desirous of stopping up these spigots, and the new instructions, drawn by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, assistant attorney general in charge of prohibition enforcement, she believes, will have the desired effect.

Prohibition enforcement officials have said on several occasions that too much liquor was finding its way back into bootleg channels after confiscation. The new order is expected to prevent a great deal of this leakage, which is explained as having been due chiefly to the ease with which warehouses available to authorities for storage of liquor may be entered.

EARLY AMERICAN TOMBS RIFLED

Explorers Find That Grave Robbers Were Busy in Prehistoric Times.

Grave robbers disturbed the rest of prehistoric Americans just as they despoiled the tombs of the Pharoahs along the Nile.

Neil M. Judd, leader of the National Geographic society's Pueblo Bonito expedition, which is working at Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, writes:

"After clearing three more burial chambers we now have 65 skeletons and have solved the riddle of the headless bodies and the disturbed condition of the burials. Prehistoric vandals did the trick.

"Pueblo Bonito—the beautiful village—must have been famous in ancient times, as at present, for the wealth of its primitive jewelry.

"Grave robbers, most likely tribal enemies on raiding expeditions, discovered the tombs and striped the bodies of their turquoise and shell ornaments. In their search they showed a disregard for the dead. Burials were disturbed; portions of the bodies were torn from the remainder and the heads, in most instances, were placed in a corner or along the walls of the room.

"Only the deeper burials were left intact. With these we found our better treasures."

BISHOP ASBURY TO BE HONORED

Methodists Plan Tribute to Early American Missionary.

A bronze statue to Bishop Francis Asbury, pioneer Methodist in this country, will be erected in Washington with appropriate ceremonies Oct. 15. Augustus Lukeman of New York, is the sculptor. Representatives of various Methodist churches over the world have been invited, and a reception will be tendered them on the eve of the unveiling.

The statue, which is to cost $60,000, has been cast in bronze and will portray the militant bishop seated on a horse, with saddle bags containing books and articles of clothing, as he traveled in the flesh from the coast to the western edge of the wilderness, preaching the gospel.

Francis Asbury came from England to America in 1771, by appointment of John Wesley, to do missionary work.

NAVAL BOARD STUDIES DEFENSE

Secretary Wilbur Submits Aricraft Issue to Department Chiefs.

How naval development and maintenance plans for the next few years should be shaped in the three branches of submarines, surface ships and aircraft has been referred as a concrete problem for study and recommendation to the general board of the navy.

This action on the proposal of President Coolidge to Secretary Wilbur that the naval policy raised by the present trend of development in aircraft be subjected to formal study by experts was taken last week by the secretary. Placing the matter in the hands of the general board with instructions to report at its earliest convenience, was in keeping with President Coolidge's view of the matter, as earlier stated at the White House, that in its initial stage the aircraft inquiry should be undertaken by the navy department alone.

The closely related problems of continental coast defense, however, as to which it is thought certain the study eventually will be extended, as well as those of development of special types of aircraft, were recognized in the instructions given the board that it avail itself of information from experienced officers in both the navy and army. Acting Secretary Davis of the war department, after conferring with President Coolidge had previously announced that his department had regarded the question as purely naval in character, but explained he was ready to lend any advisory co-operation desired.

The general board was instructed to frame its recommendations with particular reference to naval appropriations to be made at the coming session of congress.

Cops, Stenographers Censors in Broadway

Censorship of Broadway plays will be undertaken immediately by members of the New York police department, it was announced last week by Police Commissioner Enright. Policemen, accompanied by stenographers, will attend performances against which complaint has been lodged with the authorities. While the policemen observe the actions on the stage, stenographers will make transcriptions of the actors' lines. The result will be communicated to the city's legal department for court action.

The censorship decision was reached Wednesday at a meeting called by William F. Quigley, city commissioner of licenses, on request of Mayor Hylan, who said he had received complaints that certain plays were "filled with nudity, obscenity and profanity."

SEES DAVIS AS WINNER IF VOTE GOES TO CONGRESS

BY MARK SULLIVAN

The campaign is now at a stage expressed by two questions:

First, can Coolidge be elected at the popular election in November?

Second, if Coolidge is not elected, what then happens?

That this is the present stage of the campaign is stated, both directly and by implication, on the authority of all three organizations. Republicans say that their fight is to prevent the election from going into congress, which is the same as saying their fight is to win at the popular election in November. Democrats say that Davis will be the next president in either of two events; either by winning the popular election, or, failing that, by action of Congress. The LaFollette party leaders have as their purpose the carrying of a maximum number of states, and inasmuch as practically every state that LaFollette can carrry is a normally Republican state, it follows that any fair degree of success attending LaFollette's efforts will result in Coolidge failing to win in November.

Because this is the situation as it lies, and also for simplicity's sake, let us begin by considering how many states Davis must carry to prevent Coolidge from winning in November.

Certain of 11 States.

Begin by conceding to Davis the states Cox carried in 1920. That was the Democratic minimum for all time. That Davis will carry every one of these states no impartial person disputes. Republicans sometimes claim they can carry Kentucky this year. But the fact is, neither Kentucky nor any other one of these states has ever gone other than Democratic in a presidential election. These are Davis' irreducible minimum:

Alabama	12
Arkansas	9
Florida	6
Georgia	14
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	10
Mississippi	10
North Carolina	12
South Carolina	9
Texas	20
Virginia	12
	127

Starting with these southern states, certain for Davis, let us take next a group of states lying along the border. These states are what might be called semi-Democratic states. All of them have gone Democratic more often than they have gone Republican. In normal years they are safely Democratic. As to practically all of them, they always go Democratic except in such Republican landslide years as 1904 and 1920. These states, which Davis is assumed to have a better chance of carrying than Coolidge, are:

Arizona	3
Maryland	8
Missouri	18
Nevada	3
New Mexico	3
Oklahoma	10
Tennessee	12
	57

The total of this group, which Davis must be conceded to have a much better chance of carrying than Coolidge, is 57.

192 Electoral Votes.

To these add one more border state, West Virginia. West Virginia is the only one of the border states that has gone Republican more often than Democratic. This year, because it is Davis' home state, it is reasonable to lump it with the other Davis states. On this assumption we now have a total of 192 electoral votes that Davis may reasonably be expected to carry. This computation restricts Davis' strength wholly to the universally Democratic southern states and to the prevailingly Democratic border states. There is not included in this statement of Davis' strength any one of the northern doubtful states.

Now consider what LaFollette may take from Coolidge. In this field there is more doubt, because there is no precedent. But on the best information now available it may be said that LaFollette has a chance to carry the following states, all of them in the northwestern corner:

Wisconsin	13
Minnesota	12
North Dakota	5
South Dakota	5
Montana	4
Idaho	4
Washington	7

This mades a total of 50 electoral votes that LaFollette may be said to have a chance to carry.

If Davis carries 192 and LaFollette 50, this leaves for Coolidge 289 electoral votes. This would be enough to make Coolidge safe, for the number required to elect is 266. On this computation, therefore, Coolidge's margin of safety would be 23.

Margin Is Narrow.

But in all this we have taken no account of the possibility of Davis carrying any states in the North whatever. And if Davis should carry any one large northern state, or any two fairly large northern states, or any three or four small northern states—in either event he would destroy Coolidge's margin of safety.

If Davis should carry New York alone, with its 45 votes, Coolidge would not be elected.

If Davis should carry Illinois with its 29 electoral votes, Coolidge would not be elected.

If Davis should carry Ohio alone, with its 24 votes, Coolidge would not be elected.

If Davis should carry Indiana, with its 15 votes, and New Jersey, with its 14, Coolidge would not be elected.

If Davis should carry Colorado with six, Nebraska with eight, Rhode Island with five, and, in addition, either Indiana or New Jersey—Coolidge would not be elected.

To consider another combination: If LaFollette should carry Iowa, with its 13 electoral votes, and Davis should carry either Indiana or New Jersey, Coolidge would not be elected.

It must be realized therefore that, looking at the campaign as a question of whether Coolidge will or will not win in November, it cannot be said, on the basis of precedent as regards the Democratic states, and on the basis of conceding to LaFollette as many as seven states, that Coolidge has a very comfortable margin. The Republican managers realize this, and it is the basis of their strategy.

Let us now consider what may happen if Coolidge fails to win in November, and if the election is thrown into congress.

I have said that Democrats count on winning in either one of two ways. They count either on electing Davis in November through carrying a considerable number of northern states; or they count on Davis being the next president if the election goes into congress. Just how Democrats can rely on this latter assumption is not clear, at first glance, but on analysis it is realized that the Democrats have some justification for their reasoning.

Coalition Possible.

In the first place, if the campaign continues as one designed to prevent Coolidge from winning in November, we shall see an interesting development. Inevitably as the campaign becomes heated there will be a tendency for the Democrats and LaFollette to co-operate, with the purpose of uniting to prevent Coolidge from winning the popular election. At present both Democrats and LaFollette leaders decry all talk of co-operating. But as the campaign becomes heated the temptation will be strong. Already I hear the suggestion in the confidential conversation of some leaders. The benefits and the effectiveness of such co-operation are so clear that it will be almost impossible to prevent local leaders in some states from attempting it.

The simplest way to effect it would be for the Democrats to withdraw their candidate in states which LaFollette has a chance of carrying; and for LaFollette to withdraw in states which Democrats have a chance of carrying. The ordinary way to do this would be, for example, for the Democrats to "withdraw their electors" in such a state as Washington during the last few days of the campaign, or, for example, for the LaFollette leaders to "withdraw their electors" in such a state as Oklahoma. This was the device by which aid was given, through a third party, to the victory of a Democrat, Grover Cleveland, over Harrison in 1892. In that year, as this year, there was a third party candidate, representing discontent with the Republican party, then in power. And in that year there was practiced what this year there will be the temptation to practice, namely, a union of the Democrats and the third party in some states by the withdrawal of the electors of one or the other. In 1892 the Democrats and the third party united in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, North Dakota and Wyoming. Whether we are to have in the present campaign a duplicate of this performance of 1892 will appear shortly. It may be that changes of election laws in the various states may have made it more difficult to "withdraw electors" at the last moment.

If Coolidge Loses.

The union of the Democrats and the LaFollette party in some states as outlined here would be merely one way of bringing about the defeat of Coolidge in the maximum number of states. Whether that takes place or does not take place only has a bearing on how many states will be carried against Coolidge. It is possible for enough states to be carried against Coolidge whether this happens or does not happen.

Let us now turn to the assumption that Coolidge fails to win at the popular election in November and that the election is thrown into congress; and let us examine the basis for the Democratic expectation that in the event of the election being thrown into congress the next president will be Davis. The Democratic reasoning runs as follows:

In congress two things will be done. The house will proceed to select a president from among the highest three candidates, Coolidge, Davis and LaFollette; and the senate will proceed to select a vice president from among the two highest candidates, Dawes and Bryan—assuming that Wheeler runs third.

In those last two sentences there is an essential and important technicality: The senate will select the vice president from among the highest two candidates, whereas the house will select the president from among the highest three.

From this and other circumstances it follows that the senate will do its work first. There is no reason why the senate should not make its choice at a single ballot. The choice of the senate, it is assumed, would be Charles W. Bryan. It is true that in the senate Republicans have a nominal majority of 51 (50 with Senator Colt, Rhode Island, dead) to 45. If all Republican senators would vote for the Republican candidate for vice president, Dawes would be chosen. But the Democratic assumption is—and it is a reasonable assumption—that some five or six Republican senators would not vote for Dawes, but would vote for Bryan. The Republican senators who are counted on to do this are the ones who, though nominally Republican, commonly follow LaFollette's leadership. They include LaFollette himself, Ladd and Frazier, North Dakota; Brookhart, Iowa, and Norris, Nebraska.

The Democratic assumption is therefore that, with the election thrown into congress, the senate would promptly elect Charles W. Bryan. From this they go on to the assumption that Republican members of the house, seeing the accomplished fact of Bryan being vice president, and realizing that Bryan would be president unless the house should break its deadlock and elect a president—the assumption is that the Republican congressmen, seeing this and preferring any alternative rather than that Bryan should be president, would transfer enough of their votes to Davis to elect him.

To understand this latter assumption we must examine in detail just what is the situation of the house with regard to the presidency. These facts and figures about to be recited have been told over and over again, but they are essential to understanding:

It is the business of the house to elect a president from among the three highest—Coolidge, Davis and LaFollette. In the house the members vote not as individuals but by states. That is to say, each state delegation has one vote. New York with 43 congressmen, has one vote. Arizona, with one congressman, has one vote. What will happen is that the members of congress from each state will caucus, and that those states in which a majority of the members are Republican will cast one Republican vote for Coolidge while those states in which a majority of the members are Democrats will cast one vote for Davis.

In congress, as at present constituted and omitting any question of death or resignation between now and February, there are 22 state delegations that are Republican, 20 state delegations that are Democratic; one, Wisconsin, that is for LaFollette, and five that are equally divided.

Hinges on Five States.

To elect it is necessary that 25 state delegations, or a majority of the whole 48, should vote for some one candidate. Obviously none of the candidates would have the necessary majority.

At this point it is the five state delegations which are evenly divided that become important. These delegations are:

Maryland
Montana.
New Jersey.
New Hampshire.
Nebraska.

These five, being tied within themselves—each being half Republican and half Democratic—would have no vote. But—and here is the meat of the Democratic assumption—if one Republican congressman in each of these states should swing his vote to the Democrats, that would add the necessary five delegations to elect Davis.

The Democratic assumption is that five Republican congressmen would do this. On this point the Democrats reason thus: The Republicans will see in front of them the accomplished fact that if the deadlock in the house continues until March 4 the next president of the United States would be Bryan. The Democrats think that the thought of a Bryan in the White House would be so odious to those conservative interests which the Republicans reflect that, rather than see such a thing happen, they would vote for Davis.

Whether the necessary number of Republican congressmen would really do this; whether the Republican party as a whole would adopt this policy of choosing Davis as the alternative to Bryan—all that is anybody's guess. Nobody can accurately foretell what would be the public psychology, or the private psychology of individual Republican congressmen, under such circumstances.

The silver fox farming industry in Prince Edward island is now yielding an annual cash revenue of over $2,000,000, and producing excellent profits for the farmers. The pelts sent from the island to the last fur auction in Montreal realized the highest prices there.

Genuine BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds	Headache	Neuralgia	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

The Forest Guide

By Ethel Dunham

RALPH Thorndyke was a brilliant young lawyer whose success was largely due to his eloquence, and like Cicero, he carried all before him, but he did not listen to his doctor's warning and he was threatened with a nervous breakdown and ordered to give up work and go to the woods for healing. His physician had a lodge in the wilderness far from the noise of cities and offered to go with him. Arriving at their destination they secured the services of an Indian who lived nearby in the cabin in which he was born, and earned his living as a guide and also as a gatherer of medicinal herbs which he sold to chemists. "Joe," as he was called, was skilled in forest lore and pointed out to them plants and herbs, showed them the trout streams, and cooked their meals. One day he brought Thorndyke a bottle of medicine he had brewed and told him it would give him strength. When the doctor examined it he laughed and said, "Why, this contains the same ingredients as are in Dr. Pierce's famous Golden Medical Discovery, only these are not so skillfully blended as in Dr. Pierce's fine laboratory. Dr. Pierce's remedy has brought relief to thousands for over fifty years." Thorndyke took some of the Indian's medicine and then sent for a package of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon regained health and strength and in a few weeks the big city with the sky scrapers was forgotten and the witchery of the woods combined with Dr. Pierce's wonderful herbal remedy, sent new, rich blood through his system.

Many of your neighbors have been benefited, too. Read this:

Hazelton, Pa.—"I found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the way back to health. I had for some time been getting weaker and weaker, my blood seemed like water and I had no strength, my appetite was poor, for days I would take no nourishment. I finally had to give up and was confined to my bed for seven weks. I lost all interest in life. This was my condition when someone told me of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The first bottle brought a great improvement in my condition, my appetite improved and I began to gain in flesh. After taking four bottles I felt stronger and better than I had ever felt. Those who need new, rich blood can make no mistake in taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." Mrs. Henry Scheitrumpf, 421 West Sixth St.

Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid. Send 10c for trial package to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free advice. Have you tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for liver ills?